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A TRAPP FAMILY CHRISTMAS
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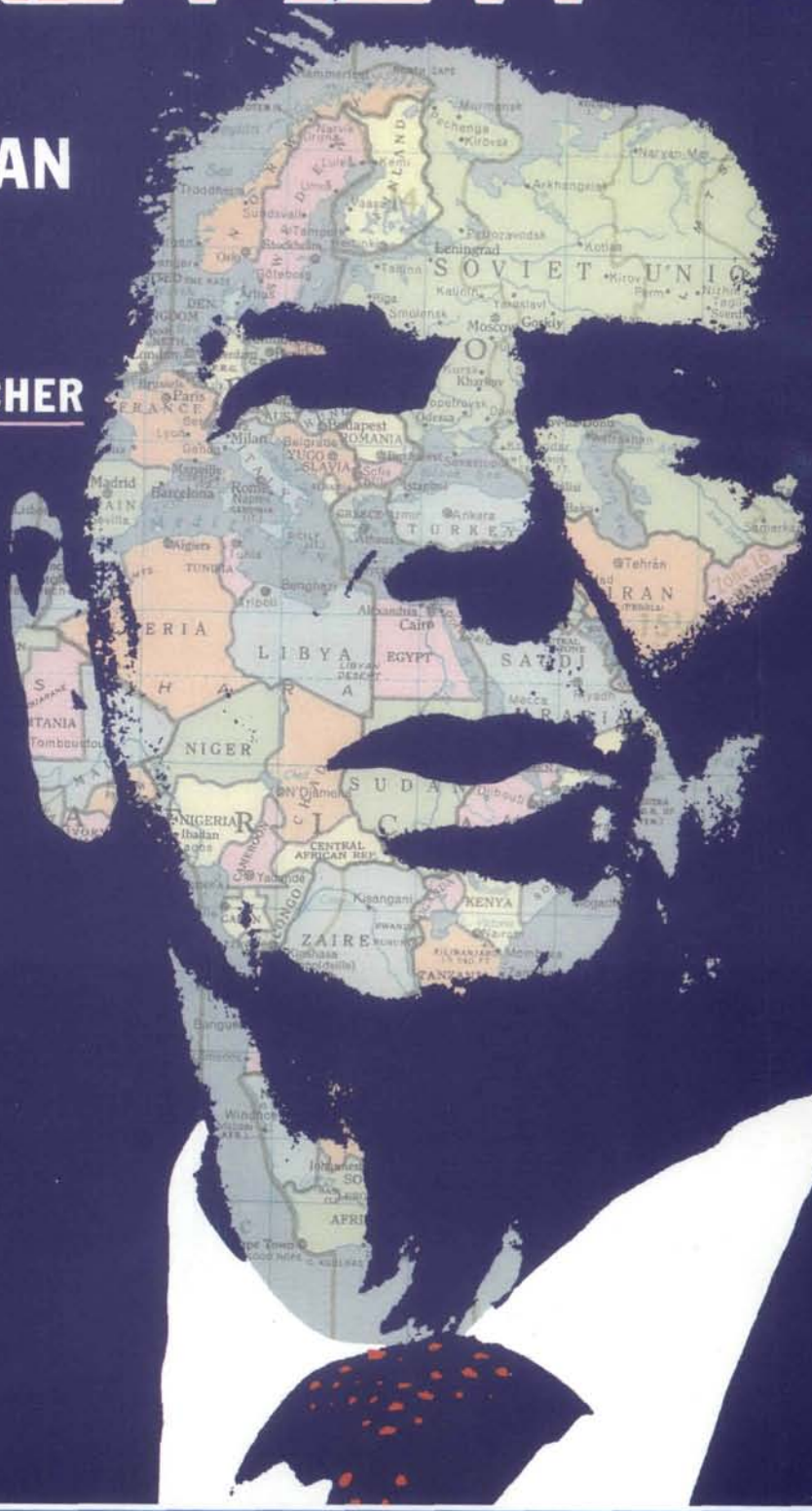
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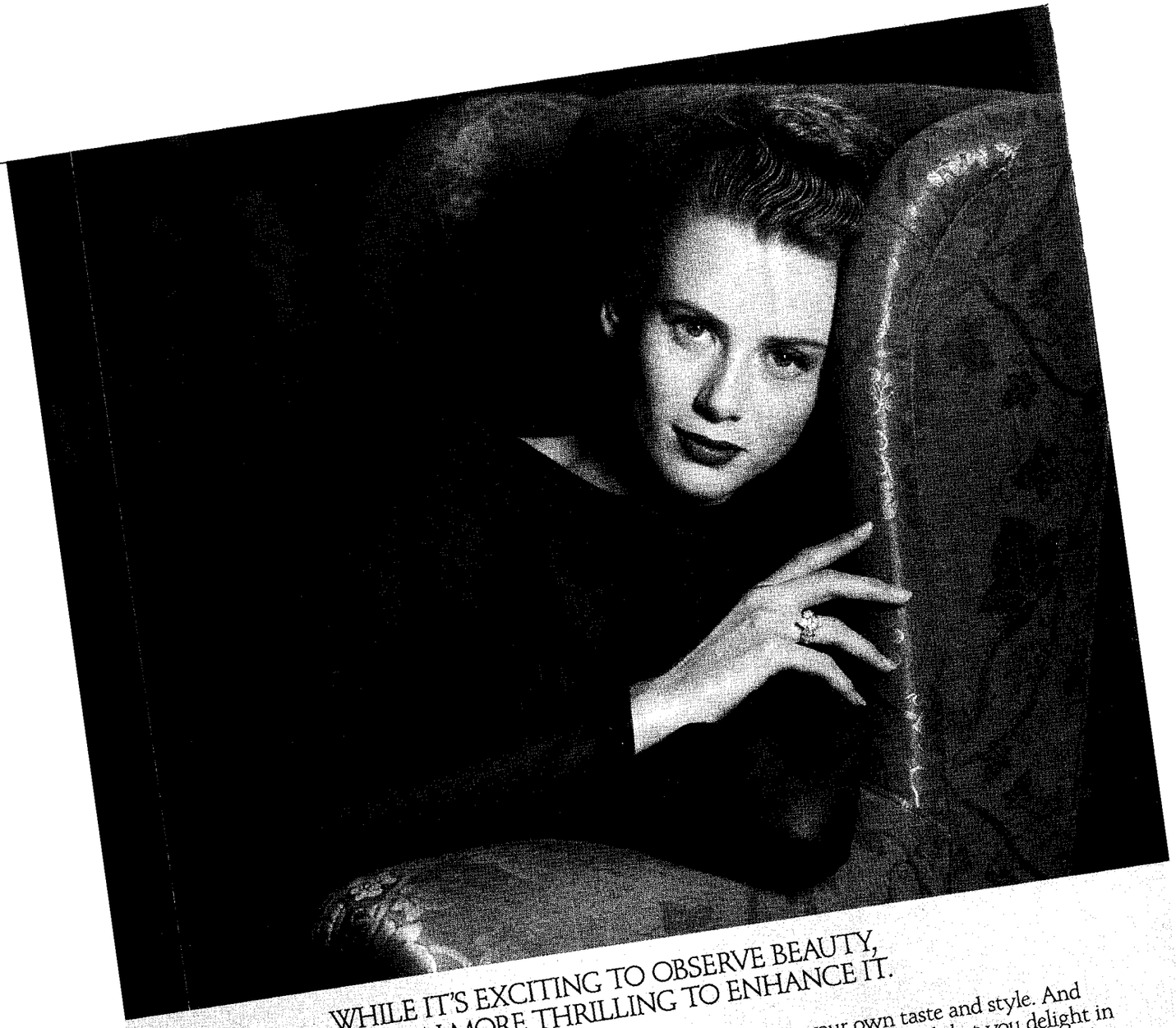

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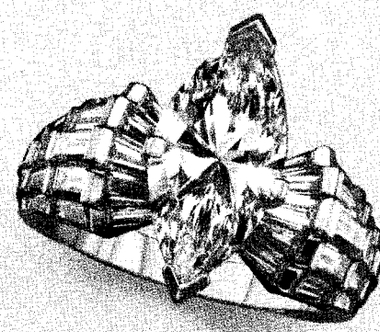

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Cover design and illustration by Pentagram

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1988. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

RATES: $36.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

And the Winner Is . . .

I think highly of (and agree with most of) Roger Scruton's brilliant "Picasso and the Women" [Dec. 9]. Let me record, however synecdochically, just three reservations.

Mr. Scruton writes: "Mrs. Huffington chatters fluently; she has collected a mass of interesting information; her subject too is interesting, and she has woven her material together in a racy narrative packed with sexual episodes." This makes it an interesting book. Even if it were no more than factualized gossip, as many biographies are (I think there is more to this one), so what? Moralists condemn gossip, but I enjoy it as the spice, though not the food, of life. I'd hate to be as austere as Mr. Scruton makes himself out to be. He goes on: "What is primarily wrong with [Mrs. Huffington's] book [is her] failure to perceive that biography is an art, whose greatest exponents—Plutarch . . ." Isn't that standard a little high? Should those who will not, or cannot, come up to the paradigm stop writing biographies? It seems odd to compare every composer to Mozart, odder still to imply that non-Mozarts should stop composing.

One more oddity: Picasso's mistresses were indeed, as Mr. Scruton writes, complicitous in their own maltreatment. Wherein would that be morally relevant to Picasso's sadism, let alone exculpatory, as Mr. Scruton suggests?

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

It is odd that Roger Scruton, who has written brilliantly on—among other subjects—aesthetics and sexual morality, should fail so completely to understand Mrs. Huffington's biography of Picasso. Her "ultimate complaint" against Picasso, he writes, "is that he was sexually attractive, and used his attractiveness to get what he wanted"; the book, he seems to think, is just another feminist outburst. In fact, as Scruton concedes, Picasso behaved outrageously in all his relationships—with his mother, his children, his friends no less than his women.

When Aristotle said that man is by nature a political animal he meant that one becomes truly human only by learning from experience with others what it is to be truly human and by becoming habituated to accept from others and to impose upon oneself the discipline that a good life requires. One who existed apart from society, Aristotle said, would be a beast or a god, not a man.

Picasso's enormous talent, by exempting him from any discipline whatever, condemned him to be less than human. Mrs. Huffington shows profound sympathy for this soul caught—as he himself understood—in greatness that entailed littleness. The Picasso of Mrs. Huffington's book is a figure as tragic as any in the long history of tragedy.

Edward C. Banfield
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

The Killing Fields

Francis X. Winter's account of the top-level U.S. conspiracy that resulted in the assassination of South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem was horrifying, blood-chilling, almost too painful to read ["They Shoot Allies, Don't They?" Nov. 25]. It tells a story of unbelievable cynicism and consummate betrayal.

On four consecutive All Souls' Days —1967 through 1970—I walked with hundreds of Vietnamese from the Saigon Cathedral to the unmarked graves of Diem and his brother, Nhu, in nearby Hai Ba Truong Cemetery. There were no gravestones, and the names of the two men were nowhere shown.

May God grant eternal rest and reward to this good and just man and to his brother. And may God also be merciful to the architects of this deed: John K. Galbraith, Averell Harriman, George Ball, Henry Cabot Lodge—and John F. Kennedy, whose soul was sent into eternity by a bullet in his brain, just three weeks after Diem suffered the same fate.

Terence A. Coyne
Belmont, Ohio

Jews & the GOP

I agree with Milton Himmelfarb that most American Jews have been blind to the dangers of a Democratic victory in recent presidential elections ["Jackson, the Jews, and the Democrats," Nov. 7]. Only 54 per cent of Jews rejected Jimmy Carter's candidacy in 1980 despite his Third World orientation and his exploitation of black anti-Semitism (compared with 58 per cent of the nation as a whole). Weak Democratic candidates

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received 68 and 64 per cent of Jewish votes in 1984 and 1988 respectively, an indulgence that can only be attributed to rank sentimentality, especially since Jews can usually count on a strongly pro-Israel Congress to hedge against any presidential deviations on that issue.

George Bush, despite his preppy background and the widespread criticism of his campaign tactics, did better among Jews in 1988 than Ronald Reagan did in 1984, even though Bush's overall performance was much less impressive than Reagan's. The trend thus seems to be a conservatizing one, albeit glacially so. Expect the Democrats to put up a more centrist candidate in 1992, and American Jews to split 60-40.

Seth A. Halpern
Scarsdale, N.Y.

AIDS Battle, Round 38

For some months Michael Fumento has been asserting that the AIDS epidemic is not a threat to mainstream heterosexuals, and questioning the motives of those who argue otherwise. His recent review of our study ["The AIDS Numbers Racket: Chapter 37," Oct. 14] adds another bit of invective to his résumé.

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First, Mr. Fumento seems determined to be confused about the relationship between the progression rate from HIV infection to AIDS, and the total number of HIV infections. By using "quotations" from our study with his own inserted phrases, he has managed to project his confusion onto our report. To restate the basis of our conclusions: The longer it takes for HIV to incubate from initial infection to clinically defined AIDS, the greater the number of HIV infections that are required to produce an observed level of AIDS cases. As estimates of the incubation period have lengthened, so must the estimates of the numbers of infected people increase.

Second, the comfort Mr. Fumento takes in the stability of seroprevalence levels among San Francisco homosexuals, blood donors, and military recruits is unjustified. New infections have slowed in San Francisco, not only because of dramatic behavioral change there, but also because this population is already saturated with the virus. The rate of new infections is slowing down in San Francisco largely because so few sexually active gay men there remain uninfected.

The Red Cross actively discourages donors with risk factors, and systematically excludes donors who have previously tested positive, making blood donors increasingly unrepresentative of the population at large. The military does not test recruits until after they have already passed through a recruiting screen, including checks of school and police records. It is not only plausible but likely that the most rapid rates of growth of HIV infection are occurring outside this pre-selected population.

It is certainly true that most monogamous, middle-class people are at little immediate risk of catching HIV. But to extrapolate from this reassuring fact the statement that "the epidemic may [not] be spreading at all," as Mr. Fumento does, is to completely misunderstand what we know about this disease.

Kevin R. Hopkins
William B. Johnston
Hudson Institute
Alexandria, Va.

As the direct quotes in my piece made clear, the confusion over the rates of progression of HIV to AIDS and the estimated number of infections was that of Hopkins and Johnston. Rather than pit my word against theirs, I would direct the interested reader to obtain a (free) copy of the August 19 report from the Hudson Institute and read pages 27 and 42-43.

As restated, the connection between progression, caseloads, and infections is correct. But since the "previously assumed" seropositivity estimate (that of the Public Health Service) is not based on such calculations, the lengthening of estimates of incubation time does not affect it. Hopkins and Johnston need to establish independently the validity of their own model by showing how they arrived at such estimates as there being 200,000 to 500,000 infected heterosexuals who are not intravenous drug abusers (IVDAs). These and other critical figures are simply not in the report.

The low rate of increase of San Francisco seropositivity appears to be generally consistent with studied cohorts in numerous other major cities. This information is gathered in "HIV Infections in the United States" (November 30, 1987), available from the Department of Health & Human Services. These data indicate that infections in these cohorts peaked in 1982, which is why the rise in AIDS cases among homosexuals in both San Francisco and New York appears to be entering a plateau.

I dealt with the problem of blood-donor and military-applicant self-selection by stating these factors "can be assumed to be constant, and therefore there's no reason to think that a significant overall increase in seropositivity would not also show up in their ranks." Those self-selecting out are male homosexuals and IVDAs. If there were 200,000 to 500,000 infected non-IVDA heterosexuals out there, they wouldn't know to self-select out and they'd undoubtedly start showing up in blood testing.

The bottom line is that hemophiliacs and male blood-transfusion recipients appear to infect their wives, over a period of several years, only 10 to 20 per cent of the time. Women appear to transmit the virus even less efficiently. The further the infection moves away from its efficient sources of transmission (anal sex, shared needles, blood products), the more slowly it spreads, until it stops.

Michael Fumento
Alexandria, Va.

Oops!

In Brian Crozier's intriguing column on the possibility of a military coup in the Soviet Union [Dec. 9], I fear there is either an historical error or, more likely, a simple typo: "no single soldier is going to seize power in the style of either Napoleon I or Napoleon II." Poor Napoleon II never seized anything; that should read Napoleon III.

Gervase Thomson
Belmont, Mass.

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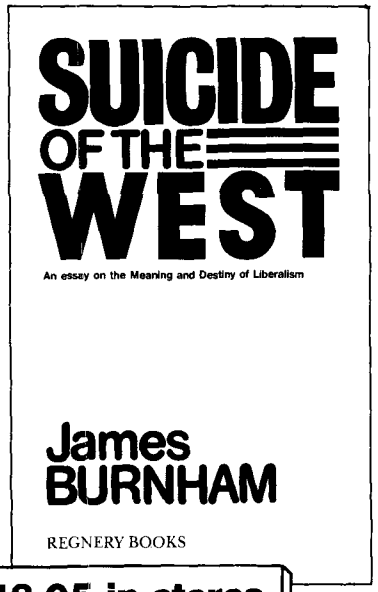

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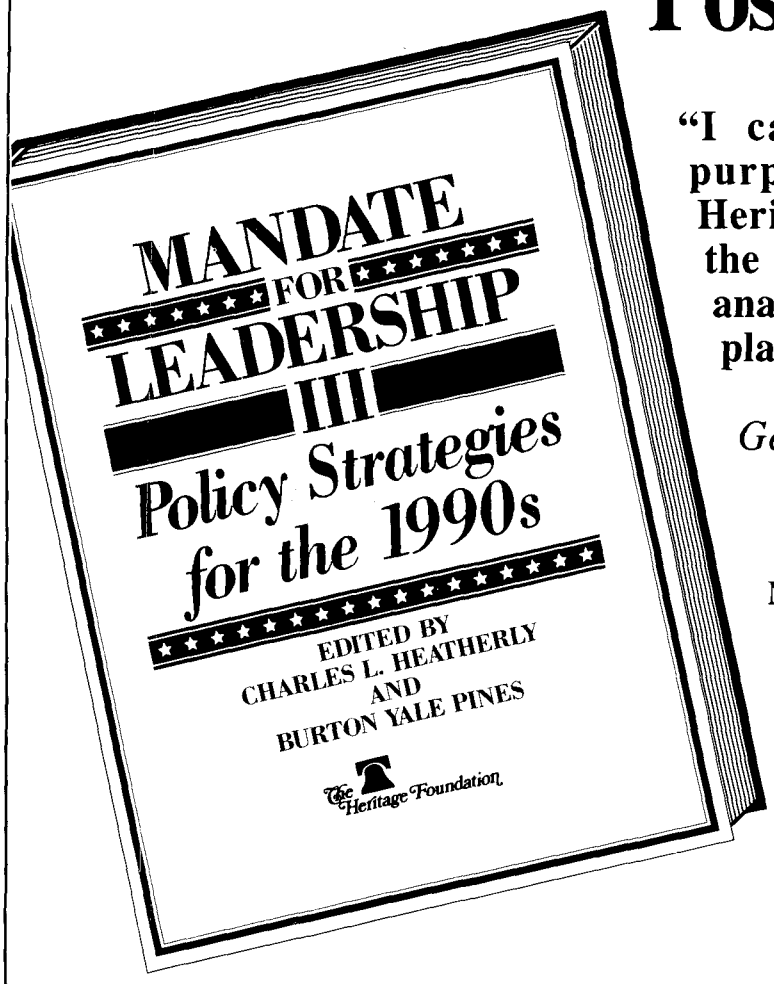

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FOR THE RECORD

Some timely second thoughts. Remember the hullabaloo about the **Willie Horton** commercials. Now Democratic political strategist and pollster **Pat Caddell** says that prison-furlough program "was indefensible. It was wrong, and that should have been stated." . . . *Washington Post* editorial-page editor **Meg Greenfield** agrees. Over the years, she says, liberals have equated law-and-order with covert racism: "Many Democrats seem unwilling or unable to think about violent crime as a matter of public policy." . . . On the lopsided black vote, Atlanta Mayor **Andrew Young** "thinks it wouldn't be bad if some blacks became Republicans. It's not good for all blacks to be in the same party." Young, who plans to run for governor of Georgia, believes one of the parties will nominate a black to be President or Vice President in his lifetime. . . . The ACLU, struck by **George Bush**'s criticisms of its super-liberal stands, is quietly reviewing positions it has taken, and will scrub some, including its opposition to airport passenger security checks. . . . Democratic Gov. **Rudy Perpich** (Minn.) knows he'll get into trouble for saying it, but he'd like to see Federal Government get out of education and leave it to states. "I believe it would work," he says, "if they would take over the human services and let us have the education." . . . Everyone is talking about **Jack Kemp** at HUD. One sponsor from an unexpected quarter is columnist **Richard Cohen**, who describes himself as an "out-of-the-mainstream liberal." Kemp, he says, "is the rarest of Republicans—one who recognizes there's a world beyond the 18th hole. [He's] committed to improving the plight of the urban poor." . . . A **Richard Wirthlin** White House survey shows that only 8 per cent of Americans fear the prospect of a nuclear war or armed conflict with the Soviet Union today, which leads *Washington Post* reporter **Lou Cannon** to comment:

Holland, *Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"Hope it leads us to $18 a barrel."

"This amazing finding suggests that public perception at the end of the second term of the most anti-Communist President in U.S. history may be more favorable to U.S.-Soviet cooperation and arms control than at any time since World War II."

Election finals: In his last campaign, in 1982, Sen. **William Proxmire** (D., Wis.) spent $145 and received 64 per cent of the vote. This year Democrat **Herb Kohl** spent $5.3 million in his winning campaign to succeed Proxmire, who retired. . . . While the close Senate races in Connecticut (**Lieberman** v. **Weicker**) and Florida (**Mack** v. **MacKay**) grabbed the headlines, in Wyoming Republican Sen. **Malcolm Wallop** won in a squeaker, by 1,322 votes. His opponent, State Sen. **John Vinich**, nearly overcame double-digit deficit in polls in final week of campaign. . . . Trouble ahead? NEA President **Mary Hatwood Futrell** is cautiously pleased at Bush's decision to keep **Lauro Cavazos** at Education. Among other things, Cavazos opposes both tuition credits and vouchers. . . . In the House, permanent Minority Leader **Bob Michel** has come out fighting. He calls the House record on monitoring the ethical activities of its members "a national disgrace." This is taken as a slap at House Speaker **Jim Wright**, now under investigation by ethics committee. . . . The Democrats in the Senate also came out fighting with election of Sen. **George Mitchell** of Maine (and Iran-Contragate fame), to succeed **Robert Byrd** as Majority Leader. Mitchell's ratings are: ADA 95, AFL-CIO COPE 90, ACU 8. **Evans & Novak** quote a "Senate GOP insider" on Mitchell: "He's mean, tough and very, very partisan." . . . Back in the House, **Joseph P. Kennedy II** was not given slot he wanted on House Appropriations Committee, very possibly because his colleagues were miffed by a comment earlier this year that Kennedy found the House "boring." . . . Sigh! **Jesse Jackson** was in Iowa the last week in November—kicking off the 1992 presidential campaign.

Here & There: The **Leon** and **Marilyn Klinghoffer** Memorial Foundation of ADL is calling on Justice Department to reinstate an arrest warrant for **Arafat** associate **Abul Abbas**, the accused mastermind of the *Achille Lauro* hijacking. . . . CBS's segment of "Inside the Vatican" on *48 Hours* (December 15) will be closely watched. . . . **Walter Cronkite** proclaimed his liberal views loud and clear at People for the American Way banquet honoring **Barbara Jordan**. "We know that unilateral action in Grenada and Tripoli was wrong. We know that Star Wars means uncontrollable escalation of the arms race. We know that no one should tell a woman she has to bear an unwanted child . . . Gawd Amighty, we've got to shout these truths in which we believe from the housetops."

Question: Is it possible to win a mandate? The pundits tell us that George Bush's forty-state, 54-per-cent-of-the-vote win wasn't a mandate, and neither was **Reagan**'s 49-state sweep in 1984. **Everett Carll Ladd** (of **Roper**) reminds us that *New York Times* wrap-up of that story read: "POLL FINDS REAGAN FAILED TO OBTAIN A POLICY MANDATE." The story continued: "President Reagan's lonely landslide is a personal victory with little precise policy mandate or clear ideological underpinning. . . ."

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THE WEEK

☐ Former Presidents Carter and Ford met with Mr. Bush to give him the benefit of their cumulative wisdom in office, i.e., to recommend raising taxes on beer, wine, and gasoline, and doubling taxes on cigarettes, which is the kind of thing that got both of them removed from office.

☐ The Democrats have elected George Mitchell of Maine as Senate Majority Leader, and sophisticated Republicans bless the day. If the Democrats had elected Daniel Inouye, for example, the issues would have been a bit obfuscated. But George Mitchell is the pure thing, so liberal he ought to be exhibited in a glass case. As Sophocles once remarked to the guys around the Agora: Self-definition is destiny.

☐ Two years ago Larry Davis shot nine policemen, five of them in the face, when they tried to arrest him for four drug-related murders. Last week Davis was found not guilty for reasons of self-defense. The outcome of the Davis case was not based on "justice" as most Americans know it; it was based on a tangled web of racial antagonism. The trial took place against a backdrop of black-on-black violence and white cops who, as Tom Wolfe puts it, are "part of the garbage-collection service, necessary and honorable, plodding and anonymous." Davis's lawyer said, in Jesse Jacksonese, that the acquittal means "the black community is no longer going to have black Sambos, they're going to have black Rambos." For 28-year-old Officer John O'Hara, who has more than one hundred shotgun pellets in his head and is legally blind in one eye because of Davis, the grisly truth is that New York's Finest can no longer trust the courts to give them any protection against cop-shooting thugs.

☐ The Roman Catholic Auxiliary Bishop of New York, Austin Vaughan, served a two-day jail sentence arising out of an Operation Rescue abortion-clinic protest in Pennsylvania this summer. Bishop Vaughan was moved to take part in the protest primarily by the awfulness of abortion, but also by having heard once too often that some pol was "personally opposed" to it, though he did nothing to discourage it. "You don't need a course in logic to know that's foolish." "If he has to miss a Sunday Mass because he's in jail," commented Bishop Vaughan's boss, John Cardinal O'Connor, "I'll be proud to fill in. Who knows? One day he may have to do the same for me. For the same reason."

☐ Throw away those condoms, boys. AIDS is not—repeat: not—a sexually transmitted disease. Better yet, it's not even a *communicable* disease. Some doctors' groups who believed otherwise petitioned a New York state court to have AIDS added to the official list of such diseases, but Justice F. Warren Travers ruled that the state's Health Commissioner didn't have to if he didn't want to. Putting it on the list would have set in motion such procedures as mandatory testing of patients, mandatory reporting by doctors, and tracing an infected person's sexual contacts. A New York law already exempts AIDS-virus carriers from the usual requirements to which VD carriers are subject. The difference seems to be that syphilis and gonorrhea don't have their own political lobbies.

☐ It is always only after a panicky reconsultation of the mind and the conscience that we agree to agree with the Establishment, but we do on the issue of Arafat coming to the UN. For once, it is correct: the commitment by the U.S. to let the UN establish its headquarters here carries consequences (Who says A must say B), including permitting people into the country whom we would otherwise exclude. The excuse trotted out by George Shultz (Arafat is a terrorist, terrorists are threats to U.S. security, ergo Arafat is a threat to U.S. security) is surrealistic lawyer-talk. We not only deal with terrorists, we fawn on them (the greatest and most sustained terrorism conducted in this century has been by the Soviet Union against Afghanistan). Nobody would dare to suggest that Nelson Mandela, when he gets out of the hospital, would be denied entry to New York, where he would not only lecture before the UN, but be given a parade down Nelson Mandela Avenue. Humbug, sheer humbug.

☐ Assistant Secretary of State Chester Crocker has labored for eight years to bring about a solution of the Namibia-Angola affair. The deal worked out would tie independence for Namibia after 73 years of South African rule to the phased withdrawal of the

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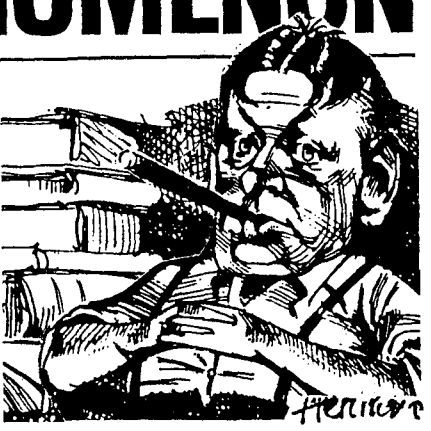
THE MENCKEN PHENOMENON

"I believe in only one thing and that thing is human liberty...I am against any man and any organization which seeks to limit or deny that freedom."



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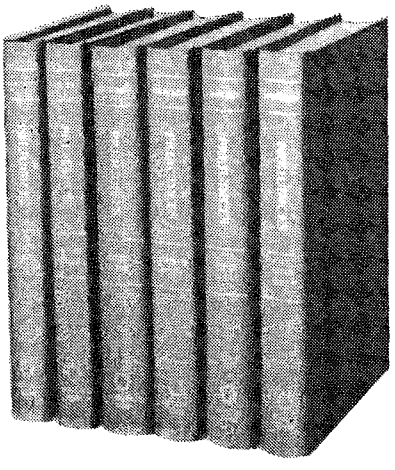

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

HERE'S A STORY they tell in Washington. It seems that Lyn Nofziger, Ronald Reagan's first White House political director, was exercised with his candidate's transition team after the 1980 election: it was rejecting a Reagan loyalist as not qualified for a job he wanted. "Incompetents have run the United States Government for two hundred years," Nofziger shouted exasperatedly. "It's *our* incompetents' turn. We won this election."

Now it's time for Bush's incompetents to run the country—well, we'll hope not incompetents, but you get the idea. As you read this column, the last big pieces of the Bush Administration should be falling into place. The Cabinet secretaries and their assistants and their assistants' assistants will, for the most part, have been selected.

At that point, we will know the answer to the question of the year: Will the Bush Administration be a conservative one? Or will it hew to some amalgam of social-mindedness and fiscal parsimony loosely referred to as "pragmatism"?

In fact, it's already pretty clear which way things will go, based on a look at the sorts of people the Bush team has chosen as of this writing, Wednesday, December 7. Eight cabinet officers are still to be named, and dozens of other senior posts remain to be filled. Nevertheless, some appointment patterns have emerged:

James Baker at State, Richard Thornburgh at Justice, William Webster at CIA (not to be Cabinet rank in the Bush Administration), Lauro Cavazos at Education are all holdovers from a Reagan Administration that, long ago, lost much of its conservative zeal. Outsiders are generally chosen from the ranks of similar-thinking centrists: Brent Scowcroft, for example, Bush's national-security advisor, who opposed the Strategic Defense Initiative and accused the Reagan Administration of "near total confusion" in strategic thinking; Robert Mosbacher at Commerce, who is likely to push for an active government role in promoting business interests; and Carla Hills, a Ford Administration veteran, as U.S. Trade Representative.

Cabinet secretaries and other lofty appointments are just the tip of the personnel iceberg, however. Some two thousand policy and management positions in 207 agencies will have to be filled by presidential appointees. Those appointments will be made under the watchful eye of the transition team's head of personnel, Chase Untermeyer.

Louis Cordia, who heads the Heritage Foundation's effort to place conservatives in Administration jobs, calls Untermeyer a "traditional conservative" who will see to it that like-minded conservatives are, when possible, hired. Cordia points out that conservatives populate the ranks of agency managers and policy types in the Reagan Administration and are the only bureaucrats with the up-to-the-minute experience a Bush Administration will need.

Moreover, there are still some important posts to be filled at the Cabinet level that will determine the ideological complexion of the Bush Presidency. Health-care manager Monroe Trout, for example, is a conservative favorite to take the reins at Health and Human Services. Constance Horner, a Reagan loyalist currently serving as head of the Office of Personnel Management, is a conservative choice for Labor. And Jack Kemp at HUD would make the faithful happy indeed.

On the other hand, Bush is also considering C. Everett Koop for HHS. And Bush treasures the loyalty of longtime political supporters and key figures in his 1988 campaign over the intellectual zeal of movement conservatives. No matter whom he appoints, that sort of pragmatism is bound to suffuse his Presidency. The Bush Administration will reflect the mind of its master. —CATO

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estimated 55,000 Cuban troops in Angola. But when the interested parties arrived for the final signing in Brazzaville a fortnight ago, the South Africans took a walk. They distrust verification procedures for the projected gradual Cuban pullback from Angola and fear that the Reagan Administration, in its haste to tie the knot on this one before Inauguration Day, has let them down. Fidel Castro isn't helping. In Mexico City for the inauguration of President Salinas, he threatened to keep Cuban troops in Angola for another ten years. Verification, he said, was none of South Africa's business.

☐ A week before the Gorbachev visit, the jammers in the Soviet Union and most of Eastern Europe were turned off. Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe are coming through loud and clear. Won't this make them unnecessary, some will ask? Now that the Soviets will allow any news in, now that the Soviet press itself has been liberalized, why should "the taxpapers' money"—that's the approved formulation—continue to be used to support the "surrogate radios"? (They are called that because for forty years they have acted as surrogates for a non-existent free press behind the Iron Curtain.) The answer is Yes on two counts: 1) As swiftly as the jammers were turned off they can be turned on; and 2) the people of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe even today get only part of the story, the part that Gorbachev feels can safely be told. This is no time to let down the guard.

☐ Let us now praise famous Estonians. This Baltic nation has been occupied by its giant neighbor for almost half a century. It has a population of only one and a half million, many of whom are ethnic Russians, moved in to dilute nationalistic assertiveness. Yet the Estonians have been taking on the entire Soviet Empire, quarreling with Gorbachev's new constitution, casting votes against it in the hitherto rubber-stamp legislature. Who knows where it will end? If the past is any guide, it will end very badly indeed (call Imre Nagy's office). Yet today the Soviet system is under widespread and unprecedented stress. Latvia and Lithuania, the other captive Baltic nations, are also restive. Armenians and Azerbaijanis are at each other's throats. Eastern Europe hankers after strange

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gods. The south-bound economy will stay that way, pending major upheaval. Whatever ensues, Estonia has more than earned its place in the role of brave nations.

☐ You are now free to buy *Free to Choose* on video cassettes. Milton Friedman's award-winning series on the free market is available, in regular and classroom versions, from Video-Sig, 1030 East Duane Avenue, Suite C, Sunnyvale, Calif. 94086.

☐ All future attempts to parody the *New York Times* have been rendered otiose—by the *Times* itself. On Thanksgiving Day, the Good Grey ran an Op-Ed piece with the exquisitely inevitable title "For the Indians, No Thanksgiving." As far as the *Times* knows, minority groups *never* have a nice day.

☐ Suppose you *didn't* remember what you were doing 25 years ago when you heard that JFK had been shot . . .

☐ The Vice President-elect went home to Indiana for Thanksgiving "to relax and hunt quail." He told reporters, with a grin, "Now it's my turn."

Gorbachev at the UN: Danger and Opportunity

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV is not an international philanthropist, and the speech at the United Nations was not a list of charitable donations. He is the custodian of a bankrupt and failing political and economic system, and a daring risk-taker in the great game of international politics. His speech was a series of shrewd moves designed to build up a favorable image with Western public opinion, to wrong-foot his opponents in Western governments, and to win time and money for his reform programs. It was, in its way, a great speech: one that contained opportunities as well as dangers for the West. It deserves hard, skeptical scrutiny rather than the gushing schoolgirl admiration of the *New York Times* editorialist.

The announcement, for instance, that the Soviet Union will cut its conventional forces in Europe and adopt a defensive military posture is undoubtedly welcome. But even after the proposed reductions, the Warsaw Pact forces will enjoy a clear superiority in tanks and conventional-force levels. And since the Soviets' advantage in mobile bridges—the best practical indication of an offensive strategy—is 1,700 to NATO's three hundred, Mr. Gorbachev could make considerable reductions there and still enjoy a clear lead in offensive capability. Mrs. Thatcher's warning in this issue [article beginning p. 22] that "nothing could be more short-sighted for the West today than to run down its defenses unilaterally at the first sign of more peaceful and stable relations between East and West" remains valid. We must negotiate with the Soviets toward a proper strategic balance.

The Soviet leader's apparent generosity, however, has created a euphoric atmosphere in Western Europe leading to dangerous political uncertainty. Will public opinion support the necessary modernization of NATO's short-range nuclear weapons? Will it endorse the NATO request for additional and disproportionate Soviet force reductions required to bring about the proper balance of forces? It is far more likely to demand matching unilateral cuts by NATO—thus restoring the disproportionate Soviet advantage—and to support an extension of Western loans to "help" Mr. Gorbachev against his hard-liners.

Yet Mr. Gorbachev's speech offers an implicit warning against such naïveté. It contained no reference to the Soviet pullout from Afghanistan. Instead, Mr. Gorbachev effectively reneged on the Geneva agreement, offering a ceasefire and a coalition government of all factions. This is plainly an admission that the Soviets' initial hope of sustaining their Afghan puppet regime from afar is now fading, as Radek Sikorski reveals in this issue (p. 14). Mr. Gorbachev, therefore, intends to stay for the moment. So much for the most recent Soviet pledge.

When all this is said, however, Mr. Gorbachev's moves are still concessions born of Soviet failure. No Soviet leader relishes offering unilateral military cuts—even cuts

Mac, *Daily Mail* / Rotheo

"Stay calm, Maureen. I think we're allowed to light up now."

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AFGHANISTAN: TIME IS UP

THE SOVIETS have delivered new heavy missiles to their Communist surrogates in Kabul, and this is a good sign. Together with the Soviets' announcement of a suspension of their pullout, and their use of new fighter-bombers to relieve the guerrilla siege of Kandahar, it is a plain admission that the guerrillas are overwhelming the remaining Communist strongholds. The Scud missiles the Soviets are bringing in are relatively inaccurate and therefore of little military value in Afghanistan—they could be used only for attacking Pakistani cities—and will not threaten the guerrillas. Kabul and Moscow are clearly panicking.

The West should reply to this Soviet escalation by stepping up our support for the guerrillas. Stinger missiles—perhaps the superior Post version—should be given a chance to prove their worth against the MiG-27s. The promised long-range mortars should now be delivered. Since these mortars would replace the inaccurate free-flight 105mm rockets currently used, they would help to minimize civilian casualties in guerrilla sieges of cities.

In the previous years of this war, winter has curbed most military operations inside Afghanistan, but this year the fighting is likely to increase. Since the beginning of the Soviet withdrawal, the *mujahedin* have scored limited but notable successes. Five provincial capitals have been captured, including two almost within gun-range of the Soviet border. Kandahar and Jalalabad, major cities either of which would be suitable as the seat of a guerrilla provisional government, are virtually isolated from Kabul by road. Their fate seems sealed. Above all, guerrilla parties seem to be cooperating better than even the most optimistic observers had expected. The promised "bloodbath" for control in the liberated areas has so far not materialized; on the contrary, in Kunar and Takhar provinces, for example, the guerrilla parties have jointly appointed governors and are cooperating in resettling refugees. The *mujahedin,* scenting the kill, have set aside their rivalries, at least until victory.

The Soviets' suspension of their pullout, and their escalation of the fighting, should finally clear up the recurrent confusion over the meaning of the Geneva agreements on Afghanistan, signed earlier this year by the Afghan Communists and Pakistan. The West saw Geneva as a political and diplomatic escape-route for Mikhail Gorbachev, a bridge by which he could evacuate Soviet troops over the River Oxus. The Soviet Union was understood to wish to cut its losses in Afghanistan, and we, in our usual good-natured way, wished to make its defeat as painless as possible.

In Soviet eyes the point of Geneva was not to end the Soviet domination of Afghanistan, but to legitimize the PDPA (Communist) regime in Kabul, providing a political success where the Soviet army had failed to achieve a military success in nine years of vicious fighting. The Soviets probably thought that once they started withdrawing, the guerrillas would divide further and the regime in Kabul, propped up with noncombat Soviet support, could remain the strongest faction in the field—on its own feet at last. But this has proved to be pie in the sky.

Benazir Bhutto's cautious first days as Pakistan's Prime Minister have also disappointed the Soviets. They may be gleeful at the death of General Zia ul-Haq (or pleased at a job well done), but if they expected that a dramatic change in Pakistan's Afghan policy would result, they miscalculated. Prime Minister Bhutto's retention of Zia's foreign minister suggests at least that there will be no early change in Afghan policy. The talks between the Soviets and the *mujahedin* in Saudi Arabia and Mikhail Gorbachev's speech at the United Nations may be an indication that the Kremlin has at last realized that time is up for the PDPA, and that a *modus vivendi* has to be worked out with those who are about to crush it.

PEACE CAN COME only after a complete *mujahedin* victory over the Kabul Communists. This, though not imminent, now looks likely. The main reason is that most Afghans regard the Kabul regime as Soviet puppets, responsible for a decade of bloody revolution and war. To expect the guerrillas to form a coalition with the Communists would be like asking de Gaulle's Free French to work together with Pétain's Vichy government—except that Pétain enjoyed far more popular support in France during World War II than the Communists do in Afghanistan today.

The Afghan guerrillas have the presence on the ground, the popular support, and above all the firepower to take charge of the remaining Communist-controlled towns, and they will in the end call the tune where it matters—inside Afghanistan. When this happens, the proper role of the West, and the UN, will be to help clear uncharted Soviet minefields, to provide for the return of the millions of refugees, and to assist generously in the rehabilitation of a country that has suffered too much. □

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designed to divide NATO and disrupt its plans. No Soviet leader relishes offering to replace a reliable puppet regime with a coalition including anti-Soviet elements. No Soviet leader relishes offering diplomatic concessions to win Western handouts. If the West keeps its nerve and a tight grip on its purse, it can push the Soviets into further military reductions and toward a true East-West détente.

Mr. Gorbachev has been dealt a bad hand by history; he is playing it brilliantly. The West holds all the cards. Alas, we have developed the habit of throwing them away.

Save the Deficit!

THE NEWS MEDIA are engaged in one of their periodic *tours de force*: this time, a campaign to pressure George Bush into doing just what he has sworn up and down he *won't* do, viz., raise taxes.

Of course the campaign is being waged under the rubric of a holy cause: "closing the deficit." As Tom Bethell points out, "deficit" is a relational term, like "difference." A naïve eavesdropper, hearing the steady chant about The Deficit, might ask: Deficit between *what* and *what*? It's these two terms—federal revenues and federal outlays—that warrant our attention, and from which attention is being constantly diverted. In the interest—need we say?—of raising taxes.

As a proportion of GNP, the enormous deficit is no bigger than it was in, say, 1974. If there's an urgent problem, it isn't on the revenue side. And even if it were, the idea that the solution is a tax increase begs the question: revenues have increased since the Reagan tax cuts were enacted; raising the tax rates would be likely to diminish them.

The obvious problem is federal spending. It has outstripped the benefits of the tax cuts. And there is no good reason to think that the big spenders who are now obsessed with the deficit would, if that deficit were reduced by a tax increase, do anything but build up another deficit—which they would then use as a mandate for even higher taxes.

If

If he can brace the buck while all about him
  Are eyeing it as if the thing were sick;
If he can keep the Democrats off balance
  While Dole administers a rabbit kick;
If, with the masses reading lips like crazy,
  He cuts, but never snips an artery,
He'll go down like a Washington or Lincoln,
  Except in Schlesinger's biography.

W. H. VON DREELE

The name of the game is Make George Do It. The Democrats and their media allies hope to restore the traditional division of labor according to which they'll continue to spend the nation's wealth, while Republicans will provide "leadership" in the politically unpopular task of putting the burden on the taxpayers.

To this end, we are being subjected to some shifty reporting, exemplified by Peter T. Kilborn's front-page story in the November 17 *New York Times*. Kilborn gave a long summary of Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan's testimony to the National Economic Commission that by artful paraphrase and omission seriously distorted what Greenspan actually said. In Kilborn's account, Greenspan all but demanded tax increases. That account somehow failed to quote Greenspan's real prescription: "The emphasis has got to be very heavily, disproportionately—and preferably wholly—on the spending side." If there's a Walter Duranty Award for tendentious journalism, Kilborn has earned a nomination.

George Bush has made a pact with the American taxpayer. This was the single unequivocal specific in a campaign widely derided for avoiding "the real issues." We hope he has the fortitude to keep faith with those who elected him against all the liberals who can't read lips.

Hail to the Chief of Staff

THE CODE WORDS in the media are meant to be reassuring to liberals. Governor John Sununu is supposed to be a "pragmatist," not an "ideologue." That seems to mean that he is unlikely to challenge established liberal assumptions and institutions in his powerful new White House position.

If pragmatism means "testing by results," which is how Charles Sanders Pierce and William James used the word, then Mr. Sununu may fairly be called a pragmatist. After all, he was three times elected governor of New Hampshire by very large margins. Moreover, he was one of the most effective governors in the United States, arguably the best of the lot. He vigorously resisted all attempts to impose an income tax on New Hampshire, and his estimable political heir, Republican Representative (and now Governor-elect) Judd Gregg, hews firmly to that line. As a traceable result of the no-income-tax policy, New Hampshire is in the midst of a prolonged economic boom with extremely low (2.5 per cent) unemployment. One reason Democrats almost always lose in New Hampshire is that the voters do not trust them on the tax issue.

Item: With a very low per-pupil school expenditure, New Hampshire is a national leader in SAT results. New Hampshire pupils do not have space-age classrooms, but they do something unusual: homework.

Item: A PhD and a former Tufts professor of en-

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gineering, Sununu knows about nuclear power and is a strong advocate of it. He was outraged when neighboring governor Michael Dukakis managed to block the operation of New Hampshire's Seabrook nuclear plant. "He thinks he's governor of two states," commented Sununu, who now has had sweet revenge. (New Hampshire, where winter temperatures sometimes reach 30 degrees below zero, was saved from power shortages last winter by Mr. Sununu's expert energy improvisations.)

Mr. Sununu is intelligent, even if we do find reports of a 170 IQ improbable. Though he is warm and congenial, he can be impatient with stupidity and incompetence.

Within the Bush campaign, he pushed the "no new taxes" pledge. The tax credits for day care were also his campaign idea, out of the Heritage Foundation, and undercut an issue Democrats thought would score heavily. He was an architect of Bush's primary victory in New Hampshire, and urged those devastating TV ads about Robert Dole's tax tergiversations.

If this be pragmatism, make the most of it.

Reagan's Untreated Cancer

A REPORT WITH undiplomatic—and uncharacteristically accurate—language recently leaked from the State Department. Said to be a classified document designed to describe the state of affairs in Central America to the President-elect's transition team, it says, in part: "From the Rio Grande to South America, American interests are under fire. There are symptoms of stress everywhere, but Nicaragua is the cancer and [it is] metastasizing. . . . [The best solution is] to remove the Sandinista cancer—by radical surgery if necessary." The analogy is both appropriate and ironic.

It is appropriate insofar as the Sandinistas in Nicaragua are bent on spreading the disease of their political ideology and bankrupt economic order throughout the region. Notwithstanding their endorsement of the Arias peace plan, with its League of Nations-style language about self-determination and respecting the sovereignty of other states, the Sandinistas will never rest until democracy is supplanted by totalitarian socialism throughout Latin America. Any lingering doubts on this score should have been dissipated by the rapid escalation of violence in El Salvador the moment Messrs. Arias and Wright eliminated Managua's preoccupation with the Contras.

The irony of the clinical analogy is that, unlike the cancers that afflicted President Reagan himself, the Sandinista cancer has stubbornly defied therapy. It remains the principal failure of the Reagan foreign policy. The radiation treatment of providing (absurdly) low levels of material and logistical support to the Contras held the disease in remission for several years. Unfortunately, the American body politic proved too weak to withstand the punishing controversy over the medication.

In hindsight, it seems obvious that the progress of the disease and the failure of U.S. efforts to treat it must be attributed—at least in part—to the abysmal quality of the diagnosis we have received. The American people have at various times been encouraged to believe that the Sandinista regime was a small benign growth, and that the extent of our disagreement with it amounted to little more than unhappiness over its human-rights record.

In fact, as the State Department memo evidently makes clear, the real problem—the carcinogen—is, and will continue to be, Soviet penetration of the Western Hemisphere. "[With the entry of Nicaragua into the Soviet bloc] strategic encirclement of the United States to the south will come within Soviet reach. In short, what was won in Grenada, will be lost in Nicaragua." It is this threat that should have dictated U.S. policies in the region over the past eight years; so diagnosing the malady accurately is essential if there is to be any hope for recovery under Dr. Bush.

The State Department memorandum is reported to call for radical surgery if necessary to deal with the Soviet-Sandinista menace south of our borders. While such surgery (i.e., direct U.S. military action) may well prove an inevitable, if regrettable, necessity in the aftermath of the Contras' collapse, a concerted application of economic and financial chemotherapy should be tried first.

Rx: Start by halting the subsidizing of the Soviet empire in general, and the propping up of the Nicaraguan regime in particular, by Western governments and banking institutions. Under present economic circumstances in Moscow, Havana, and Managua, a treatment of this type could make the cost of adventurism simply unsustainable, and the Sandinista cancer nonviable.

Pardon, No Offense Meant

CHRISTMAS IS a time for a more generous and forgiving attitude toward one and all. So we invite those of our friends who are addicts of compassion to consider the case for forgiveness not just toward common murderers, muggers, street criminals, and the like but toward those they really disapprove of: patriots (well, okay, super-patriots, since we're being big-hearted about this) and friends of the United States. Yes, you've guessed it, toward Oliver North, John Poindexter, and Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos. Let's have pardons all round.

There are, of course, hard-headed and unsentimental reasons for the President to pardon these old friends and colleagues, reasons that should move even the

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Catastrophic Tax Increase

FOR AT LEAST thirty million Americans, taxes are definitely going up next year. On January 1, Medicare recipients will start paying for catastrophic-illness coverage, the largest expansion in the Medicare program's history.

To finance the coverage, every Medicare recipient who pays $150 or more in federal income taxes will pay a "supplemental premium," equal to 15 per cent of the recipient's income-tax liability. Read my lips: In the old days, this would have been called a 15 per cent surtax.

Initially, these payments will be capped at $800 per person. It was feared that, without such limits, upper-income retirees would simply drop out of the Medicare system entirely: their premiums would have vastly exceeded any benefits they might reasonably expect.

1989 TAX LIABILITY OF PERSONS 65 AND OVER

Taxable Income	Personal Income Tax	Medicare Surtax	% Above PIT
$ 500	$ 75	$ .00	0.0
1,000	150	22.50	15.0
10,000	1,500	225.50	15.0
25,000	3,750	562.50	15.0
50,000	9,975	800.00	8.0
100,000	25,235	800.00	3.2
250,000	72,270	800.00	1.1

As a result of the cap, however, lower- and middle-income retirees will incur the largest percentage rise in tax liabilities (see chart).

In 1990 the rate of surtax becomes 25 per cent, capped at $850 per person; in 1993 it's up to 28 per cent, capped at $1,050. After 1993, surtax rates will be indexed to the total cost of the catastrophic-illness program, meaning annual premiums as high as $8,000 for elderly couples in the year 2005, according to Treasury.

Besides the surtax, recipients will also pay a flat $4 per month "basic premium" for catastrophic-illness coverage. For many low-income recipients, this premium will exceed total personal-income-tax liabilities.

There are benefits, of course. Medicare will pick up all hospital bills after a $560 deductible, and (starting in 1990) all "reasonable" doctor bills after enrollees pay $1,370. However, the medical expense most feared by the elderly—long-term nursing-home care—is not covered.

Most Medicare recipients are already covered for long-term medical emergencies via private Medigap insurance, which they purchase directly (and usually at a lower cost than the prospective Medicare premiums), or through group health insurance provided by former employers as a retirement benefit. For the most part, the catastrophic-illness program will simply convert the elderly's private-sector coverage into one large public-sector monopoly under Medicare.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

most severe liberal law 'n' order fanatic. The first is that in all these cases the legal basis for prosecuting them is extremely dubious. In the case of the Marcoses, they are charged with spending here money they illegally obtained in the Philippines. But, as a matter of law they have not been charged by Manila with doing so, for the interesting reason that the Philippine government does not want them back in the Philippines and so has prudently refrained from bringing such charges. So unless the writ of the U.S. Attorney for Southern New York runs in Manila, on what does the accusation against the Marcoses rest?

As for Colonel North, the basis for charges against him is so hazy that the special prosecutor is reduced to arguing that his offense consists of doing perfectly legal things with evil intent, an interesting reinterpretation of *mens rea*. That is along the lines of the statement the legal satirist, A. P. Herbert, put into the mouth of an English judge: "It is a principle of English law that a man who appears in a police court must have committed an offense of some kind."

If such theoretical objections will not move liberal opinion, let it reflect on whose names might be on the charge-sheet as unindicted co-conspirators. In the Marcos case, a whole panoply of liberal heroes: the World Bank, USAID, the IMF, various other aid agencies, and every U.S. President from 1972 onward. It will make entertaining viewing to watch Mr. Robert McNamara, say, or President Carter, assure us that he was shocked, *shocked*, to discover that corruption was going on in the Philippines.

In the North-Poindexter case, of course, Mr. Reagan and Mr. Bush will not be indicted for anything. But they might well be cross-examined by the defense over their lapses of memory. That should be deterrent enough.

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To Santa

As you urge your gnomes along,
Fa-la-ing a Christmas song,
Be advised that at the Pole
There's a leaky ozone hole,
Which, should you go hatless, could
Kill those chimney slides for good.

W. H. VON DREELE

One further consideration might be that the courts should not get too involved in running foreign policy and the intelligence services. That point was in effect conceded by the judge in the Oliver North case, but the President and his advisors did not seem to notice that they had been given a generous invitation to get off the hook.

It really will not do, finally, for President Reagan or anyone else to declaim piously that he will not leave the stain of guilt on North and Poindexter by pardoning them prematurely. If law were a cheap entertainment and lawyers acted from love, that might be a passable excuse. As it is, it sounds nastily like Scrooge at his pre-Christmas worst.

A Guide for Bushmen

THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION, which produced the first *Mandate for Leadership* at the beginning and a second at the mid-point of the Reagan revolution, has drawn together a third to mark the start of the Bush era.

The nine-hundred-page volume will be published January 2 by University Press of America, but unbound galleys have been in the hands of the Bush transition team since shortly after the election. Like its predecessors, *Mandate for Leadership III* offers numerous policy recommendations: increase the personal exemption for children to $6,500 (thereby restoring it to a level comparable to that of the 1948 exemption); convert 20 per cent of public housing to tenant ownership or management; support aid for democratic groups in Eastern Europe, Cuba, and the Soviet Union itself (see Jack Wheeler's sub-chapter, "The Liberation Doctrine"); retool NATO strategies and get the Allies to shoulder a larger share of the burden; scrap the ABM treaty; and dozens more.

But conservatives are no longer just dreamers of ideal republics. A lot of them have had eight years of experience running this one. *Mandate III* passes this experience on with opening and closing sections on Policy Leadership and Agency Management. "An ad hoc Presidency which draws its power from a series of jerry-built coalitions is no match for the permanent power and hardball politics of the liberal coalition that still controls the machinery of American government. What is needed is a Presidency committed to altering this unfavorable balance of power" by "undertak[ing] a long-term program aimed at winning majority control of Congress. . . . This does not mean that in the interim the field of battle should be ceded to the Left. On the contrary, the struggle for change must be waged not only in Congress but in the executive branch of government."

Inevitably, some of this material will be wasted. But there is no reason why much of it should not be put to use. The cordial and open relations Washington conservatives enjoyed with the Bush campaign (see Richard Brookhiser, "The Establishment Man," November 7) did not evanesce after election day. Bush and his men want to put their stamp on the government and on the country. The Heritage Foundation has given them invaluable assistance toward that end.

The Cookie Crumbles

IT WAS ONCE considered ominous when companies merged into "conglomerates" of unrelated businesses, such as tobacco and foods. Today, it is considered equally ominous when the same unwieldy combinations are split up again. Once R. J. Reynolds and Nabisco were glued together, the former critics of that marriage became equally critical of any separation or divorce. The major complaint is that this latest deal is so huge ($25 billion). But perhaps that merely confirms that the conglomerate was too big to begin with.

The American language for describing corporate restructuring is not as pleasant as the Russian word, *perestroika*. Instead, we use words to suggest rudeness ("hostile") or irresponsibility ("leveraged") or fraud ("junk"). Since little stockholders benefit and some high rollers in the executive suites may lose, media spokesmen try to drum up sympathy for influential losers by using spicy language instead of facts. Consider the infamous "mountain of debt" that supposedly threatens widespread bankruptcies. In reality, the debt of nonfinancial businesses increased by 13 per cent a year in the period 1976-79, but has since slowed to 9 per cent in 1987-88. The ratio of corporate debt to equity has likewise dropped, from 109 per cent in 1974 to about 75 per cent now. Besides, the usual leveraged-buy-out (LBO) strategy is to borrow for only a short period, in order to buy up stock, then sell off some portions of the conglomerate to repay the loan. The fact that parts of the businesses *can* be sold off at a profit means that viable firms will not be closed. The biggest targets of LBOs, such as Beatrice, Safeway, and Macy's, have scarcely disappeared.

The fact that stockholders accept these lucrative offers suggests that they think they will be better off

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doing so. Those who owned high-grade bonds in the same company, on the other hand, may face a loss—*if* the bonds are downgraded because of added leverage and risk. Yet even investors in government bonds face, every day, numerous risks of lower prices. Probabilities of takeovers and LBOs are something that markets can take into account in pricing corporate bonds. After all, the exact same information that makes "takeover candidates" attractive to the stock market is also available to bond buyers. Takeover deals sometimes involve new "junk" bonds, which carry a high yield to compensate for added risk. The fact that investors grab these higher yields means they too think they will be better off. The risk to shareholders of a mutual fund with many high-yield bonds is not obviously greater than to shareholders of one with over-the-counter growth stocks.

Investors in junk bonds pay higher taxes on the higher interest, even as they would on stock dividends. And capital-gains taxes rise with the higher stock prices resulting from takeovers and LBOs. But corporations nonetheless are able to reduce double taxation by increasing debt, because interest expense is deductible. If Congress doesn't like that, the solution is certainly not to double-tax interest (once when the firms pay it and again when investors receive it). That would be a tax on costs, not a tax on income. The solution is instead to reduce the corporate tax on profits paid out as dividends, and also to reduce and index the tax rate on long-term capital gains. That would make many takeovers and LBOs unattractive by making stocks competitive with junk bonds. As it happens, however, Shearson's new plan to divide stock into three components—dividends, interest, and dividend increases—is already likely to make congressional anxieties about LBOs and takeovers obsolete. These new "unbundled stock units" also demonstrate that government efforts to overtax dividends and capital gains, and thus to encourage debt, are no match for the market's ingenuity.

Lisa Steinberg's Torturers

JOEL STEINBERG seems to have run a one-man Soviet Union. He is charged with beating to death his six-year-old illegally adopted daughter, Lisa. The main witness against him is his lover, Hedda Nussbaum, who was also beaten and tormented over a period of years.

Relying as heavily as it does on her testimony, the prosecution has naturally sought to portray Miss Nussbaum as sympathetically as it can. This strategy meshes well with various popular intellectual currents, principally feminism, and a general concern for victims of all sorts.

The jury will come to its own decision on the merits of the case. Meanwhile, the surrounding commentary is in danger of missing an important point. If a masochist submits to inhuman abuse, that is perhaps his (or her) business. But the moment a third party is involved, we pass beyond the realm of different strokes for different folks. Miss Nussbaum, at the very least, acquiesced in the prolonged torture of Lisa Steinberg. As an adult (however disturbed), she bears a portion of the blame. Whatever deals the legal system may have made with her cannot expunge her own moral culpability.

The Ghost of Christmas Future

If Poland blows, or maybe
  The Magyars rise again,
Or possibly the Uzbeks
  Spew skyward like the yen,
Let's hope, sealed and beribboned
  In some dark White House drawer,
We'll have a plan in being
  The Russians can't ignore.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I have bad news for you. The Soviets apparently no longer consider your publication a threat. In June, I took the latest copy of NATIONAL REVIEW into the Soviet Union without so much as a sneer from customs officials.

Later, I thumbed through your magazine quite freely as I roamed Red Square. This was one day prior to the opening of the 19th Party Congress when security was tight.

Finally, while in the Moscow apartment of a young Russian black marketeer, I gave him your magazine which he obviously wanted badly. "Boris" now proudly displays your June issue in a magazine rack mounted on his wall. Is NATIONAL REVIEW now a beneficiary of *glasnost*?

Sincerely,
Stan K. Ridgley
Durham, N.C.

Dear Mr. Ridgley: Terrific! We are negotiating with Pepsi-Cola—one copy of NATIONAL REVIEW with each carton of Pepsi. Welcome home. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Recently, the *San Jose Mercury News* asked its readers for their solutions to the "child-care crisis." Here's mine.

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☐ Memo to: Our readers
From: WFB

When, a fortnight from the day you read these words, you have not received the succeeding issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, fret not at the Post Office: twice a year, in order to adhere to our 25-copies-per-year schedule, we need a longer-than-normal interval between issues. Our next issue will be printed January 6. . . . However, the Post Office *has* been derelict in doing its duty and we have complaints from subscribers whose issues have arrived more than a week after they are printed. This issue is printed on Friday, December 9, and is put in the mail the same day. Since we have a Newspaper Permit, we qualify for first-class treatment. Accordingly, you should be receiving this magazine on Monday, December 12. Any delay beyond that point is Uncle Sam's fault, not ours. Merry Christmas!

Dispatch the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions to Washington, D.C. Surround the headquarters of the National Education Association. Apprehend anyone found in or around the premises. Shoot those that resist. Incarcerate the survivors on Devil's Island. Supply them with all the rats, gecko lizards, old shoes, and belts they can eat in a year. Dynamite the port and the airstrip.

Order the First Armored Division to New York. Send one battalion-strength M-1 tank column up Fifth Avenue, and another across town from Grand Central Station to the offices at Black Rock. Fire for effect until CBS headquarters is leveled. Pave the site with a 24-inch layer of asphalt. Then issue a call for a negotiated settlement.

Deploy two batteries of 155-millimeter howitzers in Central Park facing south and neutralize ABC and NBC headquarters. Position three batteries of 8-inch howitzers in (appropriately) Battery Park to fire in a northeasterly direction and demolish the *New York Times*. Mop up with helicopter gunships and armored cavalry units.

Air Force FB-111 bombers from bases in England, with air-to-air refueling, can be used against the *Washington Post*, PBS, National Public Radio, and the Institute for Policy Studies. Precision laser-guided bombs will minimize collateral damage and reduce risk to the Airborne and other friendly forces such as the National Taxpayers Union.

Harvard and Yale can be handled with naval gunfire—thank you, former Navy Secretary Lehman—and Berkeley can be taken out with submarine-launched cruise missiles.

Note that resort to nuclear weapons is not necessary.

Having once and for all insulated the public debate over child care from the constant blare of Agitprop, people will come to their senses and realize that there is no child-care crisis: children require as much care as they always have.

The crisis is in the minds of mothers. If the unholy alliance of feminists, politicians, bureaucrats, and quasi-governmental parasites would get off the backs of mothers and stop making them feel worthless and inadequate if they're not out in the nine-to-five workaday world, the "mother crisis" would evaporate, and so would the "child-care crisis."

Warmest personal regards,
Thomas G. Holford
San Jose, Calif.

Dear General Holford: Can't improve on that! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am writing in reference to the article, "Baseball Politics" [Aug. 19]. D. Keith Mano explains that Mets fans are "leftist liberals." As a 16-year-old Mets fan who faithfully reads NATIONAL REVIEW, I am insulted.

I am perplexed by this article and would like you to help me with my decision: a) should I desert my favorite team and switch my allegiance to the Bronx, or b) should I discontinue my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW?

Yours,
S. Trocchia
West Long Branch, N.J.

Dear Mr. Trocchia: Why not just skip Keith Mano every time he writes about the Mets, which is every ten years? Cordially, **—WFB**

De Angelis, *Il Popolo* / Rotheo

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TRADE WINDS FROM CANADA

GEORGE BUSH and his Secretary of State-designate, James Baker—a principal architect of the Reagan Administration's free-trade pact with Canada—should be breathing sighs of relief over the re-election of our northern Conservative neighbor, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

True, the Mulroney triumph is on shaky ground. For the first time, the Conservatives do not have a majority in English Canada, relying instead on a big win in French Canada. Mulroney is from Quebec, and pushed hard there during the campaign, even to the point of ignoring English Canada. His success in Quebec is non-transferable, however: it stems from Mulroney's having been brought up truly bilingual; indeed, he speaks a French patois that no one can accuse of having been university-acquired. But there aren't many Conservative politicians in Canada with that sort of background; and if the Liberals pick a Francophone candidate next time around, Quebec may well shift back to its traditional party. Nevertheless, Mulroney did win, and that's good news for bilateral trade and—more importantly—global trade.

Canada is the United States' largest trading partner. Not only does Canada rely extensively on the U.S. for export markets—roughly 80 per cent of its exports flow south—but unlike many other countries that export to the United States, Canada is also a good customer for many American goods. However, since the first major bilateral trade pact was negotiated with the U.S. in 1911—causing Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier to be thrown out by the voters, which may have provided an historical model for Mulroney's demagogically anti-American opponent, John Turner—both countries have protected pet industries, erecting subtle and not-so-subtle trade barriers. Canadians, for example, long prevented imports of U.S. beef, on the grounds that American additives were unhealthy, while the U.S. lumber industry successfully lobbied the Reagan Administration to target Canadian lumber imports, which were deemed unfairly subsidized. Wearying over trade skirmishes along an otherwise remarkably peaceful border, the two nations took the landmark step last year of agreeing to eliminate all trade barriers over a ten-year period.

Some economists say Canada will gain as much as $2.4 billion annually in additional exports as a result of the free-trade pact. Others warn of Canada's becoming an economic and cultural colony of the United States. In point of fact, the effect of a free-trade zone on both economies may be slight, inasmuch as 70 per cent of Canadian exports and 85 per cent of U.S. exports are duty-free.

However, even if the direct positive consequences of the free-trade pact prove to be slight, its rejection—and the voters' rejection of Mulroney—would have been devastating.

Imagine for a moment some of the ramifications. Mexico's President-elect, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, whose inauguration took place six weeks before George Bush's, and who has promised to liberalize trade between the U.S. and Mexico, would have returned from his Texas meeting with Bush chastened by the Mulroney rejection. If the Canadians fear being swamped by America under free trade, one can estimate Mexico's fright. Canada, after all, never lost any territory to American invaders.

Then there are the 96-nation GATT talks in Montreal, taking place as this column goes to press. Had Turner won on the basis of his anti-American campaign, the United States would have lost considerable leverage there. But besides poisoning the GATT atmosphere, the deflation of Jim Baker's dream of wide-open trade among the three North American colossi would possibly have emboldened the Japanese and Koreans to withstand U.S. pressure to liberalize their markets. Baker, plus the new Bush Commerce Secretary and Trade Representative, might then have been pushed to resort to 1985 tactics, like the Pasta War with the EEC, a sanction that led to counter-sanctions against U.S. foodstuffs and a costly retaliatory spiral before both sides finally called it off.

The Pasta War was only a skirmish. But in the current climate, fears over the U.S. trade deficit could have ignited a full-blown trade war. A U.S. Congress dominated by Democrats would have been encouraged to revive protectionist legislation along the lines of the failed Gephardt Amendment. In a worst-case scenario, the U.S. might have been propelled into the kind of legislation that, in its Smoot-Hawley incarnation fifty years ago, touched off a major trade war. Proponents of the theory that this trade war led to the Depression, which in turn helped set the stage for World War II itself, do not take lightly the consequences of trade wars.

THESE WERE the stakes. For a brief day of balloting, some 12 million Canadian voters held the fate of the world economy as we know it today in their hands. When the balloting was done, Turner's fear-mongering, nationalistic appeals mustered less support than Mulroney's spirited defense of his own patriotism and his vision for Canada's future in the world economy. It was a brilliant moment, and George Bush now owes Brian Mulroney more than just a congratulatory telegram. The Tory victory bodes well for the North American market as it faces the challenge of European competition after 1992, when the European community removes most of its internal trade barriers, potentially making its markets impervious to outside penetration. Mulroney's triumph is Canadian wind in George Bush's trade-policy sails. □

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SUMMING UP

As Ronald Reagan leaves Washington for California, the British Prime Minister assesses his unique contribution to the recovery of America, and of the West.

REAGAN'S LEADERSHIP, AMERICA'S RECOVERY

MARGARET THATCHER

THERE HAVE not been many times when a British Prime Minister has been Prime Minister through two consecutive terms of office of the same President of the United States. Indeed, there have been only three such cases so far. One was Pitt the Younger, who was in Number 10 Downing Street while George Washington was President. Another was Lord Liverpool, who held the prime ministership throughout the whole period in office of President James Monroe. And I am the third. It gives me a vantage point which, if not unique, is nonetheless historically privileged from which to survey the remarkable Presidency of Ronald Reagan.

I cannot pretend, however, to be an entirely unbiased observer. I still remember vividly the feelings with which I learned of the President's election in 1980. We had met and discussed our political views some years before, when he was still Governor of California, and I knew that we believed in so many of the same things. I felt then that together we could tackle the formidable tasks before us: to get our countries on their feet, to restore their pride and their values, and to help create a safer and a better world.

On entering office, the President faced high interest rates, high inflation, sluggish growth, and a growing demand for self-destructive protectionism. These problems had created—and in turn were reinforced by—a feeling that not much could be done about them, that America faced inevitable decline in a new era of limits to growth, that the American dream was over. We in Britain had been in the grip of a similar pessimism during the Seventies, when political debate revolved around the concept of the "British disease." Indeed, during this entire period, the Western world seemed to be taking its temperature with every set of economic indices.

President Reagan saw instinctively that pessimism itself was the disease and that the cure for pessimism is optimism. He set about restoring faith in the prospects of the American dream—a dream of boundless opportunity built on enterprise, individual effort, and personal generosity. He infused his own belief in America's economic future in the American people. That was farsighted. It carried America through the difficult early days of the 1981-82 recession, because people are prepared to put up with sacrifices if they know that those sacrifices are the foundations of future prosperity.

Having restored the faith of the American people in themselves, the President set about liberating their energies and enterprise. He reduced the excessive burden of regulation, halted inflation, and first cut and, later, radically reformed taxation. When barriers to enterprise are removed and taxes cut to sensible levels (as we have found in Britain in recent years), people have the incentive to work harder and earn more. They thereby benefit themselves, their families, and the whole community. Hence the buoyant economy of the Reagan years. It has expanded by a full 25 per cent over 72 months of continuous economic growth—the longest period of peacetime economic growth in U.S. history; it has spread prosperity widely; and it has cut unemployment to the lowest level in over a decade.

THE INTERNATIONAL IMPACT of these successes has been enormous. At a succession of Western economic summits, the President's leadership encouraged the West to cooperate on policies of low inflation, steady growth, and open markets. These policies have kept protectionism in check and the world economy growing. They are policies which offer not just an economic message, but a political one: Freedom works. It brings growth, opportunity, and prosperity in its train. Other countries, seeing its success in the United States and Britain, have rushed to adopt the policies of freedom.

President Reagan decided what he believed in, stuck to it through thick and thin, and finally, through its success, persuaded others. But I still recall those dark early days of this decade when both our countries were grappling with the twin disasters of inflation and recession and when some people, even in our own parties, wanted to abandon our policies before they had had a proper chance to take effect. They were times for cool courage and a steady nerve. That is what they got from the President. I remember his telling me, at a meeting at the British Embas-

Mrs. Thatcher is the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

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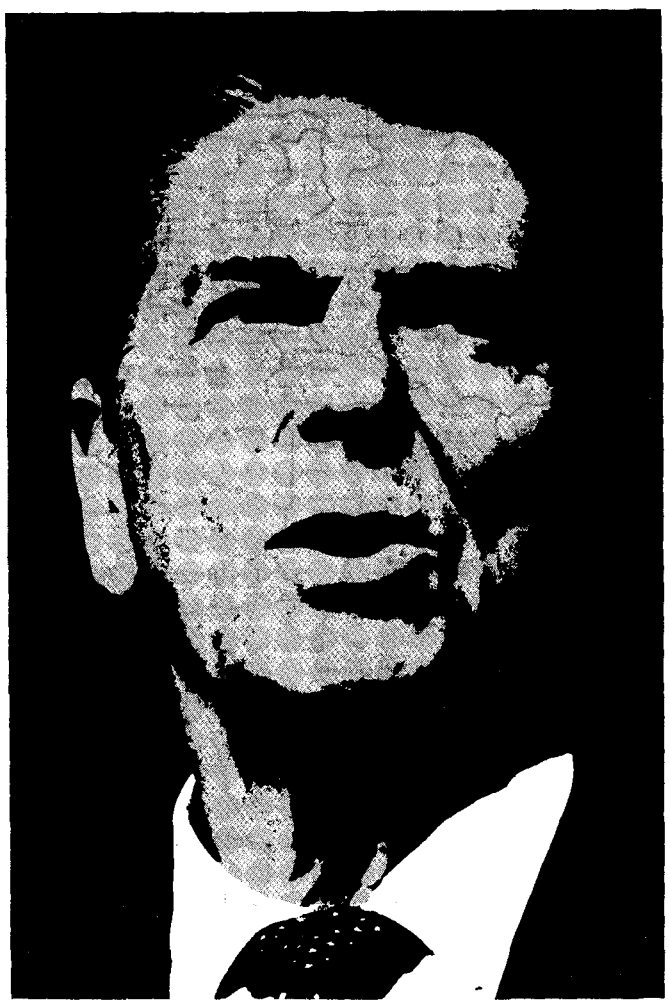
sy in 1981, that for all the difficulties we then faced, we would be "home safe and soon enough."

The economic recovery was, however, but part of a wider recovery of America's confidence and role in the world. For the malaise of the 1970s went beyond economics. The experience of Vietnam had bred an understandable but dangerous lack of national self-confidence on the U.S. side of the Atlantic. Or so it seemed to outsiders. There was a marked reluctance in American public opinion to advance American power abroad even in defense of clear American and Western interests. And politicians struggled against this national mood at their electoral peril.

President Reagan took office at a time when the Soviet Union was invading Afghanistan, placing missiles in Eastern Europe aimed at West European capitals, and assisting Communist groups in the Third World to install themselves in power against the popular will, and when America's response was hobbled by the so-called "Vietnam syndrome." And not just America's response. The entire West, locked in a battle of wills with the Soviets, seemed to be losing confidence.



President Reagan's first step was to change the military imbalance which underlay this loss of confidence. He built up American power in a series of defense budgets. There have been criticisms of this build-up as too expensive. Well, a sure defense *is* expensive, but not nearly so expensive as weakness could turn out to be.

By this military build-up, President Reagan strengthened not only American defenses, but also the will of America's allies. It led directly to NATO's installation of cruise and Pershing missiles in Western Europe. This took place in the teeth of Moscow's biggest "peace offensive" since the Berlin crises of the early Sixties. That offensive included a Soviet walkout from the Geneva talks on nuclear disarmament and mass demonstrations and lobbies by "peace groups" in Western Europe. Yet these tactics failed, the missiles were installed, and the Soviets returned to the bargaining table to negotiate about withdrawing their own missiles.

President Reagan has also demonstrated that he is not afraid to put to good use the military strength he had built up. And it is noteworthy—though not often noted—that many of the decisions he has taken in the face of strong criticism have been justified by events. It was President Reagan who, amid cries that his policy lacked any rationale, stationed U.S. ships alongside European navies in the Persian Gulf to protect international shipping. Not only did this policy secure its stated purpose, it also protected the Gulf states against aggression and thus hastened the end of the conflict by foreclosing any option of widening the war.

The President enjoyed a similar success in the continuing battle against terrorism. He took action against one of the states most active in giving aid and comfort to terrorist organizations: Colonel Qaddafi's Libya. We in Britain had experienced Qaddafi's murderous methods at first hand when a member of the Libyan Embassy shot down a young policewoman in cold blood in a London square. We had no doubts about the reality of Libyan involvement. I therefore had no hesitation in supporting the American air strike, which has resulted in a marked reduction of Libyan-sponsored terrorism.

And, thirdly, President Reagan has given America's support to nations which are still struggling to keep their independence in the face of Soviet-backed aggression. The policy has had major successes:

—the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Afghanistan, due to be completed next February;

—the real prospect of Cuban withdrawal from Angola, encouraged by patient and constructive American diplomacy;

—and even the prospect of Vietnamese withdrawal from Cambodia.

These are all remarkable achievements, which very few observers predicted even three years ago.

Indeed, when we compare the mood of confidence and optimism in the West today with the mood when President Reagan took office eight years ago, we know that a greater change has taken place than could ever have been imagined. America has regained its confidence and is no longer afraid of the legitimate uses of its power. It has discussed those uses with its allies in the NATO alliance at all stages and with great frankness. Today our joint resolve is stronger than ever. And, finally, the recovery of American strength and confidence has led, as President Reagan always argued it would, to more peaceful and stable relations with the Soviet Union.

For strength, not weakness, leads to peace. It was only after the Soviet threat of SS-20s had been faced down and cruise and Pershing missiles installed that the Soviets were prepared to embark on genuine arms-control negotiations

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President Reagan has achieved the most difficult of all political tasks: changing attitudes and perceptions about what is possible. From the strong fortress of his convictions, he set out to enlarge freedom the world over at a time when freedom was in retreat—and he succeeded.

and wider peace negotiations. It therefore fell to the President, less than four years after the Soviet walkout at Geneva, to negotiate the first arms-control agreement that actually reduced the nuclear stockpiles. And when he visited Moscow for the third Summit of his Presidency, he took the fight for human rights into the very heart of Moscow, where his words shone like a beacon of hope for all those who are denied their basic freedoms. Indeed the very recovery of American strength during his Presidency has been a major factor prompting and evoking the reform program under Mr. Gorbachev in the Soviet Union. The Soviet authorities would have had much less incentive for reform if they had been faced by a weak and declining United States.

The legacy of President Reagan in East-West relations is the realistic appreciation that maintaining sure defenses, bridging the East-West divide, and reducing weapons and forces on both sides are not contradictory but policies that go comfortably together. Nothing could be more shortsighted for the West today than to run down its defenses unilaterally at the first sign of more peaceful and stable relations between East and West. Nothing would be more likely to convince those with whom we negotiate that they would not need to make any concessions because we would cut our defenses anyway. Britain will not do that. We will maintain and update our defenses. And our example is one which I hope our partners and allies will follow, because Europe must show that she is willing to bear a reasonable share of the burden of defending herself. That would be the best way for the NATO allies to repay America's farsighted foreign and defense policies of the Reagan years.

WHEN WE ATTEMPT an overall survey of President Reagan's term of office, covering events both foreign and domestic, one thing stands out. It is that he has achieved the most difficult of all political tasks: changing attitudes and perceptions about what is possible. From the strong fortress of his convictions, he set out to enlarge freedom the world over at a time when freedom was in retreat—and he succeeded. It is not merely that freedom now advances while collectivism is in retreat—important though that is. It is that freedom is the idea that everywhere captures men's minds while collectivism can do no more than enslave their bodies. That is the measure of the change that President Reagan has wrought.

How is it that some political leaders make the world a different place while others, equally able, equally public-spirited, leave things much as they found them? Some years ago, Professor Hayek pointed out that the social sciences often neglected the most important aspects of their subjects because they were not capable of being examined and explained in quantitative terms. One such quality which resists quantitative analysis is political leadership. Which also happens to be the occupational requirement of a statesman.

No one can doubt that President Reagan possesses the ability to lead to an unusual degree. Some of the constituent qualities of that leadership I have referred to in passing—his firm convictions, his steadfastness in difficult times, his capacity to infuse his own optimism into the American people so that he restored their belief in America's destiny. But I would add three more qualities that, together with those above, enabled him to transform the political landscape.

The first is courage. The whole world remembers the wit and grace which the President displayed at the time of the attempt on his life. It was one of those occasions when people saw the real character of a man when he had none of the assistances which power and office provide. And they admired what they saw—cheerful bravery in the face of personal danger, no thought for himself but instead a desire to reassure his family and the nation by jokes and good humor.

The second is that he holds opinions which strike a chord in the heart of the average American. The great English journalist Walter Bagehot once defined a constitutional statesman as a man of common opinion and uncommon abilities. That is true of President Reagan and one of his greatest political strengths. He can appeal for support to the American people because they sense rightly that he shares their dreams, hopes, and aspirations; and he pursues them by the same route of plain American horse-sense.

Finally, President Reagan speaks with the authority of a man who knows what he believes and who has shown that he will stand by his beliefs in good times and bad. He is no summer soldier of conservatism, but one who fought in the ranks when the going wasn't good. Again, that reassures even those who do not share those beliefs. For authority is the respect won from others by the calm exercise of deep conviction.

The results of that leadership are all around us. President Reagan departs the political scene leaving America stronger and more confident, and the West more united, than ever before. I believe that President-elect Bush, a man of unrivaled experience in government and international affairs, will be a worthy successor, providing the forthright leadership which the world has come to expect from the U.S. President. We wish him well. □

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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The wall the liberals would like to erect between church and state is really a wall between religion and society. Crèches and crosses in public places threaten no one, but they make adherents of the new secular orthodoxy uncomfortable.

CHRISTMAS, CHRISTIANS, AND JEWS

IRVING KRISTOL

ONCE UPON A TIME, long before the idea or phrase "sensitivity training" was born, the various religious groups in our heterogeneous society had developed a strategy for getting along with one another. It was a strategy based on civility and prudence. Since American society was then more provincial, more narrow-minded, than it is today, civility and prudence only worked up to a point. But I would maintain that they worked better than the current strategy, which by encouraging all of us to be perpetually "sensitive" to others, and especially sensitive to "militant" others, actually invites self-styled spokesmen for minorities to be aggressive, uncivil, and imprudent. Though religious discrimination has, thank goodness, declined sharply in the last fifty years, this decline is mainly visible at the individual level—the most important level, it ought to go without saying. What our liberals call "intergroup relations," however—i.e., relations at the public level—seem to be worsening, as the new version of "pluralism" feeds destructively upon itself. Eventually, one fears, there could be disagreeable repercussions on the individual level as well.

Jewish-Christian relations are a case in point, and this Christmas seems an appropriate time to ponder the issue. It is my strong impression that, while relations between Christians and Jews as individuals are far better today than ever before, tensions between the two religious communities are being exacerbated. It is not a matter of a "resurgent anti-Semitism," as some major Jewish organizations claim. Only within the black community is there evidence of any such resurgence, and since this phenomenon is as inexplicable as it is irrational, given the extraordinary Jewish commitment to the struggle for equality of civil rights, no one really has any idea of what to do about it. In any case, there is nothing even superficially Christian about black anti-Semitism, which is a peculiar, home-brewed racism that has little appeal to white Christians. What anti-Semitism still prevails in the larger society is primarily social, a reluctance to assimilate Jews into the social life and social activities of the non-Jewish community. Such discrimination has some nasty side-effects at the occupational and professional level, though on the whole American Jews seem to manage to evade those effects. In any case, as a Jew who is not particularly interested in participating in such an assimilation, I can live with it.

The kind of tension that is now building up between Jews and Christians has very little to do with traditional discrimination, and everything to do with efforts by liberals—among whom, I regret to say, Jews are both numerous and prominent—to establish a wall between religion and society, in the guise of maintaining the wall between church and state. The major Jewish organizations proceed from the correct proposition that legally and constitutionally we are not a Christian nation, to the absurd proposition that we are in no sense at all a Christian society. They are aware, of course, that the overwhelming majority of Americans are Christians, but insist that their religion be a totally private affair, one that finds no public expression and receives no public deference. Such insistence shows a lamentable ignorance of history, sociology, and psychology.

THIS IGNORANCE is reflected in the quandary that these same Jewish organizations now find themselves in over developments in Israel. They really thought that one could have a Jewish state with a largely secular society inhabited by Jews? That the Jewish government of a Jewish state could blandly and resolutely ignore traditional, religious Jewish sensibilities? Since the original Zionist movements were largely secular and nationalist in their inspiration, many Israelis did once think along those lines. But, with the passage of time, this mode of thought has been chastened. No one in Israel today makes an issue of the fact that all food in the Israeli armed forces is kosher—though, in the nation's earlier days, this was a matter for some controversy. Other similar innovations have relentlessly occurred over the years. Today, in Israel —still theoretically that strange hybrid: a secular but Jewish state—there is no debate over the separation of church and state, only a debate over where one draws the line in the involvement of religion with both society and state. There is every bit as much religious toleration in Israel as in the United States, and Christians and Moslems are free to practice their religion without let or hindrance. But the Israeli government closes down on Yom Kippur, not on Christmas.

Mr. Kristol is John M. Olin Distinguished Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

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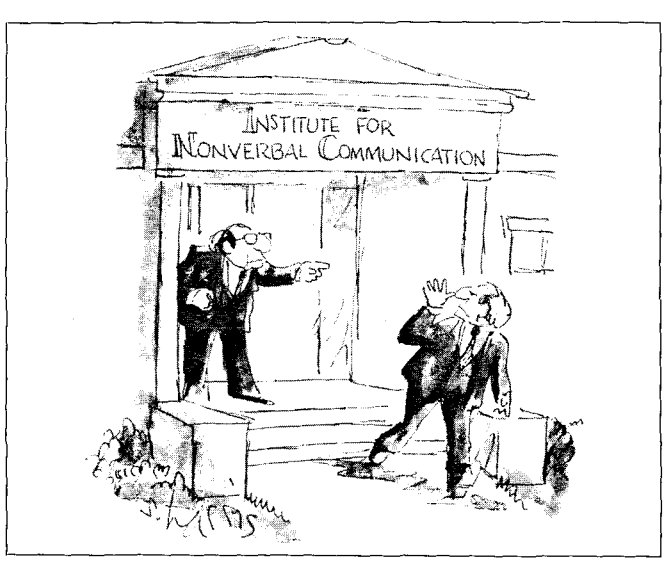
Now, the United States is not Israel. It is not, constitutionally or traditionally, a Christian state but a fully secular state. Moreover, the United States is a pluralist society in a way that Israel is not, does not wish to be, and cannot be. (The "Law of Return" guarantees to Jews —and only Jews—the right to come and live in Israel.) But the fact that Christmas is an official holiday throughout the United States does indicate that the secular government of this nation of Christians is at least minimally respectful of Christian sensibilities.

I see nothing wrong with that, just as I see nothing wrong with the public schools in New York City closing down on Yom Kippur. It is common sense and common prudence for a secular government not to put itself unnecessarily at odds with the religious sensibilities of its citizenry. Diplomacy and tact is called for, not ruthless self-denial, which is what the American Civil Liberties Union calls for. Unfortunately, many Jews seem to think that the extreme secularism of the ACLU is their best guarantee of religious, social, and political equality. Since I believe that such extreme secularism is *contra naturam* —except in a nation of atheists or agnostics, which the United States is not—I also believe that the American Jewish community is misguided in its now-dominant dogmatic view of how the relations between the two religions are to be structured.

The Jewish view, that religion ought to be an exclusively private affair with no public involvement, is the understandable view of a religious minority with long and vivid memories of official anti-Semitism, discrimination, and persecution. But the inescapable truth is that Jews are not going to be able to impose this view on the Christian majority of the United States. It is just too extreme—so extreme that, even now, the major Jewish organizations stop short of arguing against the status of Christmas as a national holiday, or school closings on Yom Kippur in some localities, or all sorts of other, traditional intrusions of religious expression and ritual into public life.

One reason American Jews were able to take seriously the prospect of a near-total divorce between religion and society was the attitude of the major Protestant organizations, whose liberal Protestantism was more keenly interested in social reform than in religious belief. Jews prefer Christians whose Christianity is lukewarm and therefore, they feel, less likely to lead to Christian anti-Semitism of a kind our Jewish ancestors experienced for centuries in Europe. This is perfectly understandable. But it is also a parochial perspective, out of tune with current realities, and this for two reasons.



Harris, *Punch* / Roubco

First, the anti-Semitism that has been so dangerous to Jews in this country, and is still so dangerous today, is not Christian anti-Semitism. It is neo-pagan anti-Semitism (Nazi and Fascist), or Moslem fundamentalist anti-Semitism, or Marxist anti-Semitism, or simply nationalist chauvinist anti-Semitism of a kind one now finds in Japan (of all places!) or Latin America. Our major Jewish organizations are oriented, almost hypnotically and surely atavistically, to the past rather than to the present or future.

Secondly, it is ridiculous to think that liberal-modernist-secular Protestant Christianity would remain forever "the wave of the future," and that never again would Christians want to be devout. Ever since World War II and the Holocaust, large numbers of American Jews have felt impelled to become "more Jewish," in one way or another. But the American Jewish community as a whole—always excluding the ultra-Orthodox, who are uninterested in Christians—was surprised to discover, was positively alarmed to discover, that something like a Christian revival was also occurring, primarily among the evangelical wing of Protestantism. So the Jewish organizations keep anxiously looking for signs of anti-Semitism among "born-again" Christians, exaggerate the few such expressions they do find, and wait for this phenomenon to pass. I don't think it will pass. I believe the secular era is fading, that Jews (at least those who remain Jews) will become more Jewish, Christians more Christian, Moslems more Moslem, Hindus more Hindu, etc.

American Jews are utterly unprepared for this new world, in which Christians wish to be more Christian without necessarily being anti-Semitic. They doubt the very possibility of this happening. I am willing to contemplate such a possibility. Which is why I refuse to get excited about a crèche being erected outside a town hall, or students in public schools singing Christmas carols or even putting on a Nativity play. In those communities that are predominantly Christian, this is to be anticipated and Jews can live with it.

Indeed we Jews always did live with it, in the America of my schooldays, before the courts became militant agents of secularism. To be sure, we lived more comfortably with it to the degree that our fellow Americans who were Christians exercised a suitable degree of tact and prudence. In my own school, our principal, confronting a student body that was perhaps one-half Jewish, would read from the Bible at assembly—but he would read only from the Psalms, the most purely interdenominational part of Scripture.

Tact and prudence: the recovery of these virtues, by both Jews and Christians, seems to me the key to decent relations between these two religious groups. I think it is foolish in the extreme for Jews even to appear to be anti-Christian, just as it would be wrong for Christians even to appear to be anti-Semitic. A lot of nice diplomacy is called for, but our religious leaders ought to be capable of that.

(Continues on page 56)

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THE VANISHING GENTLEMAN

Crime fiction was once accused of amounting to 'snobbery with violence.' Nowadays, it's more like 'slobbery with violence.' As the elegant hero has given way to the déclassé anti-hero, the genre has moved unsteadily left.

CRIME AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"IF CRIME WRITING is your business," young authors used to be told, "keep politics as a hobby. If politics is your business, keep crime writing as a hobby." And this injunction was, on the whole, obeyed. Even those vociferous and prolific socialists, G. D. H. and Margaret Cole, wrote conventional English detective stories—dull, but almost entirely free from politics. Rex Stout's liberalism played no part in the early Nero Wolfe novels. If we knew nothing of Dashiell Hammett except his books, we could scarcely deduce his political views.

Sometimes, of course, an author's inclination peeped through. At the beginning of *Three Inquisitive People*—the first written, though not first published, novel by Dennis Wheatley, a very popular British author of adventure-thrillers—the Duke de Richleau invites his American guest to dine at a club where "the word socialism has never penetrated and women do not come": and in *The Forbidden Territory*, the first of Wheatley's novels to appear (in 1933), the Soviet Union is undoubtedly an Evil Empire. Wheatley was always a Right-minded man, as befitted the grandson of a successful Mayfair grocer known as "Ready-Money" Wheatley.

John Dickson Carr, on the other hand, although by every instinct a romantic Tory, originally and implausibly made his detective, Sir Henry Merrivale, "a fanatical socialist," presumably because in the early Thirties—and to a young American, who didn't really understand—this seemed an amusing eccentricity. But in the postwar period H.M. loathed the Labour Government as ferociously as his creator did.

Today everything is politicized or at least considered fair game for politicization; even authors who don't believe themselves to be conveying any message are liable to be accused of doing so subconsciously. Since television has occupied much of the ground once filled by written tales, those who look for political bias on the screen might be well advised to glance away, occasionally, from the current-affairs programs (which tend to be quite strictly monitored) and from the notoriously Left-inclined single plays that the British Broadcasting Corporation's drama department loves to produce, and scrutinize instead the unmonitored and ostensibly non-political field of light fiction. They could count, for example (the fingers of one hand would suffice), the number of times when sympathy goes to employers rather than to strikers, to the authorities more than to rebels, and they would notice how, in recent years, the intelligence services of Britain and America have been shifted from the heroic to the villainous category—except when, in the interests of positive discrimination, the departmental chief is black.

THRILLERS—SPY STORIES obviously, but other kinds too—have a special relationship with contemporary affairs, with the stuff of newspaper headlines, which makes them peculiarly interesting in this respect. It also renders them intensely nostalgic. Nothing conjures up the Twenties and Thirties more vividly than the mystery fiction of the time.

Philo Vance was an aristocrat, a dilettante scholar with a slight Oxonian accent, a member of the Stuyvesant Club, and so fastidious that "since the influx of the postwar, *nouveau-riche* Americans along the French and Italian Rivieras, he had forgone his custom of spending his summers on the Mediterranean." Lamont Cranston, the Shadow, was a "wealthy New York clubman and world adventurer and traveler"; he belonged to "the exclusive Cobalt Club."

And here is his rival, Richard Wentworth, whose "crime-attuned nostrils had scented murder" in what seemed to be a natural death. "Wentworth's keen blue-grey eyes peered thoughtfully from their deep sockets. His flat-planed, vitally handsome face was stern and grim-lipped, as his gaze strayed abstractedly out of the window of his Sutton Place living room and settled unseeingly over the dusk-shrouded surface of the East River flowing silently three floors below. A poker face—but behind it his alert faculties were at work, probing, searching, tearing away all blinding pretense.

"In that moment he was inwardly transformed from the immaculately clad, seemingly indolent clubman that he appeared, into that denizen of the darkness men knew as the Spider."

Nick Carter lived in a brownstone on "fashionable low-

Mr. Lejeune, NR's longtime London correspondent, is himself a thriller-writer, the author most recently of Professor in Peril *(Doubleday). . . . A previous version of this essay appeared in the London* Times.

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er Fifth Avenue." Ellery Queen had his elegant tweeds made in London. Margery Allingham's Albert Campion was vaguely related to the royal family. Because so many of these heroes were gentlemen—and, worse still, clubmen—and the heroines were equally well-born or well-heeled (there was even *Lady Molly of Scotland Yard*), modern politically minded critics often regard the whole *genre* as having been poisoned with middle-class values. "Snobbery with violence," they say. The cheap edition of Berkeley Gray's first Norman Conquest novel, *Mr. Mortimer Gets the Jitters*, would confirm their suspicions; the jacket shows Norman, automatic in hand, clad in full evening dress—for no reason except that it makes him look dashing. The jacket of Frank L. Packard's *Jimmie Dale and the Phantom Clue* also has the hero in white tie and tails, with perhaps rather more justification, since we know from the text that Jimmie Dale always dressed for dinner in his Riverside Drive mansion and belonged to a club that bestowed a quite exceptional amount of social prestige.

Twenty years later James Bond, having sprung from Ian Fleming's imagination into an era of aggressive egalitarianism, was accused of representing everything snobbish. But Bond was a most inaccurately chosen target. Unlike his predecessors, he neither owned a tail-coat nor belonged to a London club. He ate and drank well simply because it relieved the boredom of solitary missions. And he used consumer goods with brand names because Fleming, having discovered that any item of clothing or equipment mentioned in the Bond novels received valuable publicity, liked to help craftsmen of whom he approved, in a world where craftsmanship was becoming rare.

Fleming differed in sophistication rather than intent from John Creasey, who allegedly (I've never actually been able to find the passage) made his hero, the Hon. Richard Rollison, alias the Toff, go into the Savoy Hotel and say to the barman: "Jules, bring me a bottle of the special Moussec you keep for me alone." Fleming and Creasey and most of their colleagues, whether writing for hard covers or for pulp magazines, felt that luxurious settings are more agreeable to read about than squalor and that

educated characters are more stimulating than inarticulate ones.

Today's fashion is for the slob as hero; slobbery with violence. *Moonlighting* was hailed as the modern equivalent of *The Thin Man*: but anyone who couldn't see the difference between the new series's charmless hero and the polished performance of William Powell must need his eyes, ears, or head examined. Similarly, Clint Eastwood and Sylvester Stallone are not the first thriller-heroes to execute lawbreakers personally, but ruthlessness used to have more style. (" 'If it isn't money, what do you want? Damn you, what is your racket?' 'Death,' said the Saint in a voice of terrible softness. 'Death is my racket.' ")

THE VILLAINS TOO have traditionally been gentlemen; the butler hardly ever did do it. For the hero to duel with persons of inferior status would have seemed unsporting. Nowadays, the hero may be proletarian but most villains are still ostentatiously rich or upper-class. The reason, though, is different. A political message is often intended or at least implied.

Even Dr. Fu Manchu, although an Oriental, was a very superior person indeed. World conquest, at which he aimed, has always been a favorite motive, because, although political in one sense, it is non-political—and therefore safe—in another. Less extravagant tales of international intrigue constitute an archaeological inspection-pit of changing popular concern or, perhaps more accurately, convention. British novels, because of a greater proximity to the seething politics of Europe, have been, until recently, more susceptible to such influences than their American equivalents. Anarchist villains gave way to German spies, then to Bolsheviks, then to arms dealers, who were a convenient scapegoat; and then, as the shadow of the Second World War crept nearer, a few books, overlapping the phobia about arms dealers, pointed the finger at self-interested, purblind, or treacherous politicians who were obstructing the re-armament of Britain.

Mussolini, lightly disguised as "Caffarelli" in Francis Beeding's excellent spy stories, had originally been treated as a great statesman, to be defended against conspirators. But gradually he and Hitler (called "Hagen" by Beeding), their agents, and their secret police became the enemy—eventually under their real names. The Spanish Civil War helped to sanctify left-wing idealists, although Dennis Wheatley, in *The Golden Spaniard*, took a less roseate view of the Republican cause. One of the greatest of all thrillers, Geoffrey Household's *Rogue Male*, begins with an attempt by the aristocratic English hero to assassinate an unnamed Hitler. Anti-fascist themes became overt in Britain and in Hollywood.

The war made everything simple. Heroes and villains wore, at least metaphorically, the uniform of their country. Politics hardly entered into it. The Russians changed sides and the gallant Chetniks in Yugoslavia were replaced, in stories about Occupied Europe, by Tito's Communist partisans without provoking so much as a blink of surprise from the thriller-writers. There was no discussion about the ideology, or about the moral ambiguities, involved. Current propaganda was taken at face value: thriller-writing formed part of it.

After the war, for a brief period, Russian agents contin-

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ued to cooperate with British and American heroes, and the United Nations, rather than one's own country, became the symbol of Good. Escaped war criminals and revenge-seeking neo-Nazis were the easiest, and politically safest, villains to use. Forty years later they still are. Reviewing *The House on Carroll Street* recently, a British magazine said that "for a change this film breaks the rules of the current U.S. movie genre by having a go at the Nazis rather than the Communists"; demonstrating once again Sherlock Holmes's dictum that some people see but do not observe—or rather they see only what they expect to see.

Much earlier, Somerset Maugham, in *Ashenden*, had taken a wry look at the spy business: but regular thriller-writers between the wars, even those, like John Buchan and Francis Beeding, with experience in the ways of government, preferred to make their spies, whether professional or accidental, behave as gentlemen-amateurs. Verisimilitude was not the point. Such authors, like their colleagues in the field of domestic detection, were playing a game with its own rules; realism would have spoiled the mood.

THE MOST NOTABLE exception was Eric Ambler. In an American omnibus of pre-war Ambler novels, the introduction, by (or at least attributed to) Alfred Hitchcock, asserts: "The villains are not only real people, they are actually the kind of people who have generated violence and evil in the Europe of our time. And the wise men—the clever ones who solve or help to solve the riddles in these stories—they are not the traditional old-school-tie officers of British Military Intelligence. In two of these novels they are Soviet agents operating in Italy and Austria just before the outbreak of the war; in the other two they are Turkish military police. Again, people you can believe in—above all, the kind of people who really were clever in the corrupt and stupid years of the past decade."

Ambler's villains were capitalists; his political philosophy was that of the Popular Front. After 1945, disillusioned by what was happening in Eastern Europe (as he showed in *Judgment on Deltchev*) but uninspired by the cold war, he sought more personal themes elsewhere. The leftish tinge of those early books and their seediness (highbrows love seediness) has helped to ensure continued critical success: but what Hitchcock wrote in that introduction was hardly fair. The old-school-tie officers of British Military Intelligence had not done at all badly. They scooped up every single German spy in Britain during the war.

Ian Fleming, himself entitled to an Old Etonian tie, knew the reality of secret intelligence, but James Bond, as he said, was an updated version of Bulldog Drummond. Bond's opponents, in the earlier novels, were agents of SMERSH, an all-too-real organization for killing enemies of the Soviet Union: but later, on the rather odd grounds that "one can't go on teasing the Russians," Fleming changed his villains to SPECTRE, a fantastic body of worldwide criminals. This suited the filmmakers, who eschew political villains unless defunct, like the Nazis, or manically right-wing.

Fleming, despite his superficial modernity, was a throwback to the pre-war style. The new mood, the Ambler mood, was picked up by Len Deighton and fully developed by John Le Carré, both of whom appealed to those who disliked Fleming's gloss. After a pretentiously idiosyncratic start, Deighton moved back toward the mainstream, while Le Carré has built ever more complicated labyrinths; complicated morally no less than structurally. Meanwhile, in the real world, the Burgess-Maclean-Philby affair both restored the clubland background of espionage and reinforced the idea of Establishment villainy. It highlighted the theme of betrayal, just the thing for useful twists, and especially of upper-class betrayal.

Simultaneously, in America the fashion in heroes and villains had changed too. Partly because of the Vietnam War, which turned liberals and the conscriptable young and therefore a high proportion of media folk against the government, agencies such as the CIA and the FBI (which was admired when hunting Nazis, not so fine when hunting Communists) became bad, and whistle-blowing rebels good. William F. Buckley Jr.'s Blackford Oakes novels are, as one would expect, an exception to this mood. But, perhaps significantly, they tend to be set in the more immediately postwar decades. The new type of thriller was epitomized in *Three Days of the Condor*, where the hero, a CIA agent fleeing from his own bosses, finally tells all to the *New York Times*. Rex Stout's anti-FBI novel, *The Doorbell Rang*, outraged John Wayne so much that he sent an immediate telegram to Stout: "Have always enjoyed your Nero and Archie, but I read your story in the April issue of *Argosy*. Good-bye."

These tendencies converged, so that, even when the direct political roots had withered, there was a flowering of cynicism, an assumption of moral—or immoral—equivalence between the agents of East and West, with, on the Western side, some extra villainy from the upper classes and from multinational companies, which have assumed the scapegoat role once occupied by armaments manufacturers. In contrast with the liberal line, advanced shortly before and during the Second World War, that anti-Nazis should learn to be as ruthless as their opponents, little or no serious consideration is given to the moral justification for ruthlessness by Free World agencies now.

Political thrillers today, far removed from Buchan and the Great Game, have a distinctly leftish tilt. Detective stories, on the other hand, especially American police procedurals, have tipped back a little in the other direction. Some fictional detectives, a stream derived perhaps from Maigret, are notably more compassionate than their predecessors, but others—in literature as in life—are apt to think, as Bulldog Drummond once thought, that criminals are allowed by the law and the courts to get away with too much. On the other hand, TV series such as *Cagney and Lacey*, which was justly admired on both sides of the Atlantic, introduce a liberal message whenever possible.

The qualities that were once common but are now most conspicuously missing from thrillers of every kind are high spirits and moral simplicity. It would be nice to meet again an occasional Faceless Fiend unencumbered by any social or political baggage at all; and there was surely much to be said for a detective who, unlike today's fashionably sordid and cynical protagonists, could greet a client in the grand style once used by Sexton Blake, Britain's equivalent of Nick Carter: "I would rather work for nothing for a naval man like yourself, one of the best protectors of our precious flag, than take banknotes from those who are careless of the honor of old Britain." □

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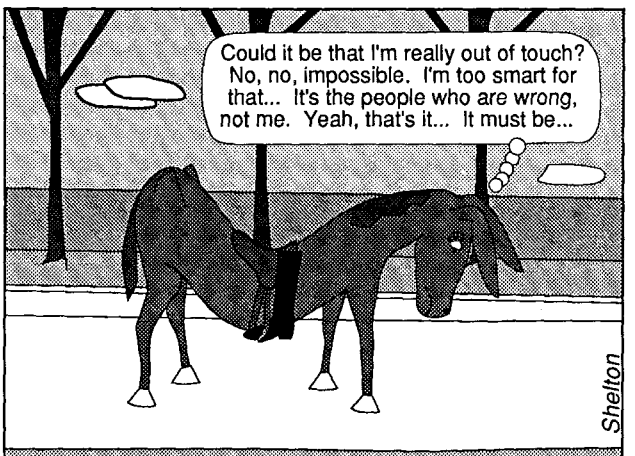
Could it be that I'm really out of touch? No, no, impossible. I'm too smart for that... It's the people who are wrong, not me. Yeah, that's it... It must be...
Shelton

Inauguration Day Introspection

Bird Word

Why not the pheasant on his perch
Among the apple boughs, the birch
Alive with quail or pigeons, each
As fair as doves upon the peach?
Why Yule on Yule the sassy bird
The same, same blossoms? It's absurd!
Why not this Christmas—who will dare?—
Tuck fruit and feathers everywhere,
But not one *partridge*, not one *pear*?!

MAUREEN CANNON

"If, by asking if I've been a good girl, you mean have I avoided significant deviation from the behavioral norms to which I've been socialized, I'd say yes."

"This is Cynthia Smith with hypothermia, on location for TV 3 News."

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MAHONEY Chicago Tribune
SEARS TOWER
AND AFTER WE BUY IT, ACCORDING TO ALL MY PROJECTIONS, WE CAN MAKE 7 BILLION BUCKS BY BREAKING IT UP INTO DESIGNER SUNGLASSES!!
LBO
MBA

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GOD REST YE MERRY

This year, Mrs. Heath decides, her brood is going to be spiritual.
But, somehow, her plans run into 11 obstacles:
Jim, Pam, John, Priscilla, Buckley,
Alison, Betsey, Jennifer, Timothy, Janet, and Mr. Heath.

A TRAPP FAMILY CHRISTMAS

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

ONE OF THE REASONS—I say one of the reasons because I could think of *several* others if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years after all my classmates were taking turns being president of the Planned Parenthood Association was that I always thought a big family would be such fun at Christmas. Which who doesn't, including people like me, who know? I know why Ben Heath, who is tied to me by the bonds of marriage, has the spirit of Christmas around Thanksgiving and the spirit of Ash Wednesday around Christmas. I keep telling him I know. "I know," I say. "I know. I know. I know."

I know we always get more glitter and glue on the floor than on the candles, and that I never remember to wipe it up until the dining-room carpet (new last January) is permanently (though not uninterestingly, I always think) spangled. I know I look absolutely insane crawling around in the snow for weeks before Christmas, putting candy canes on window sills and then galloping madly off in the dark, jingling sleighbells and shouting, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" I know the newsboy would rather have two dollar bills than a $1.95 flashlight wrapped in green paper and silver ribbon with "MERVYN" spelled out in red Scotch tape. I know no one can eat those Cut'n'Bake cookies after the children have decorated them with green sugar and cinnamon hearts (Christmas trees), and then with more cinnamon hearts and melted marshmallow (Santa Clauses), and then with more melted marshmallow and pink crayon (angels). I know it's un-Gesell and not even altogether Spock to match candid blue eye to candid blue eye with a ten-year-old and say: "But, sweetie, how should *I* know why Polly's Santa Claus is really her father? Maybe her father *has* to be her Santa Claus, poor little thing! Maybe Santa Claus just doesn't *like* Polly. Ever think of that?"

I also know ten children who aren't going to see this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

I know all that. What I didn't know till this year was what Ben meant, every Christmastide, when he tossed out, not at all at random, the words "materialistic" and "spiritual." What I always thought he meant was that it would be materialistic for Alison and Betsey and Jennifer and Timothy to get a Chatty Cathy apiece, but spiritual for them to share one. I mean, that's what I thought until one afternoon last week.

That afternoon they were all in the coat closet (well, they *were*, that's all; they *like* the coat closet) making out their Christmas lists. Pam, who can spell, was helping the ones who can't write; and Alison, who is magic, was helping the ones who can't talk. I had my ear at the crack in the door, listening, because I'm still trying to hear one of those childhood conversations whose innocent candor tears at your heartstrings. You've read about them, I'm sure.

What I heard was my dear little ones calculating how much more each of them would get for Christmas if they didn't have so many brothers and sisters to share the loot. They itemized, giving reasons for their choice, the siblings they would gladly exchange for a hockey stick or an army bugle or a Barbie doll with a different dress for every single day of the week. From what I could hear through the crack, *nobody* kept Buckley and Timothy, which is understandable—let's face it—but not nice.

THEN AND THERE I decided (yes, *again*) that there is more to old Ben than meets the eye, and that this Christmas the Heaths would be spiritual. Spiritual *also*, I mean. At my age you can't just cut those old materialistic ways right out of your life. And by coincidence I happened to be reading, at the time, a book called *Around the Year with the Trapp Family*. Actually, I was reading it to find out why the Trapps play the recorder better than we do, a fact which is widely bruited by those who have heard us, though not necessarily the Trapps. It turned out, though, that the Trapp family spends its year not practicing the recorder, as I had hoped, but "Keeping the Feasts and Seasons of the Christian Year," which is, in fact, the subtitle of the book. We plunged into keeping the Christmas Season of the Christian Year like the Trapps. Some of us (me) plunged more enthusiastically than others (Jim, Pam, John, Priscilla, Buckley, Alison, Betsey, Jennifer, Timothy, Janet, and their father).

Certainly some of the things the Trapp family does at Christmas are not entirely suited to the Heath family. I

A Christmas piece by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is an NR *tradition. This and Mrs. Heath's other Christmas stories were collected in* Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?, *now unhappily out of print.*

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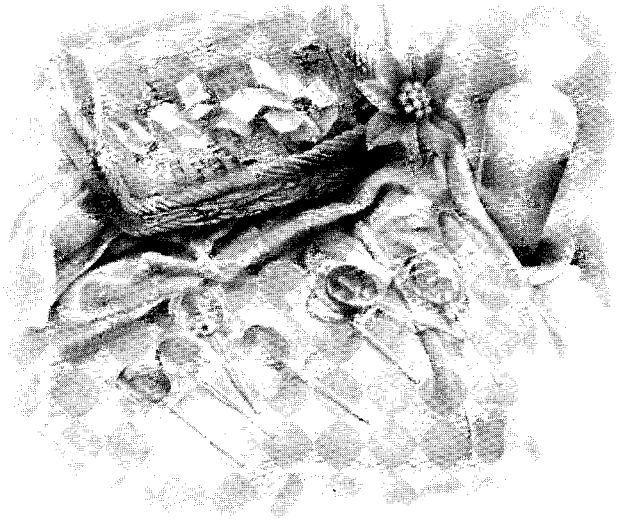
know. I *know*. And some—give me that much—I didn't even try. Like baking the traditional *Spekulatius* on December 6 (St. Nicholas's Day), for instance; or the traditional *Kletzenbrot* on December 21 (St. Thomas's Day), or even the traditional *Lebzelten*, *Lebkuchen*, Spanish Wind, Marzipan, Rum Balls, Nut *Busserln*, Coconut *Busserln*, *Stangerln*, *Pfeffernüsse*, and Plain Cookies on December 23. Especially since the freezer was bulging with all those still Uncut'n'Unbaked rolls of cookie dough. Nor did I consider for more than one mad moment suggesting that all the children take a nap before Midnight Mass and that their father awaken them by initiating a procession from room to room with a lighted candle, singing "Shepherds Up!" (each verse pitched a half-tone higher than the last), though I think it would be lovely, myself. Maybe when Ben is older . . . mellower . . .

We *did* make an Advent Wreath with four red candles, and it was beautiful; but John and Priscilla are Junior Fire Marshals, and though they said it was all right to hang the wreath from the ceiling on four red ribbons, they wouldn't even *discuss* letting us light the candles after the wreath was hung. Anyway, I know perfectly well that Ben Heath would light off for the South Seas before he would light the candles, stand under the wreath, read the Gospel for the day, and listen to the children sing: "Ye heavens, dew drop from above and rain ye clouds the Just One. . . ." Even if I could get the children to sing it. Are your children *giggly*?

The Trapps say that "Silent Night" should be sung for the first time on Christmas Eve, and I agree with them, and the children agreed with me, which would have been enough to make me abandon the whole idea if I hadn't been so bemused with good will and all. It wasn't till I got the notes from Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates that I remembered that the Fourth Form Glee Club Concert, the Grade VII Carol Sing, the Grade VI Christmas Vespers, the Grade III Christmas Play, the Grade II Christmas Chapel, the Grade I Christmas Assembly, the Kindergarten Christmas Program, and the Nursery School Christmas Party (to all of which I have been kindly invited) have three things in common: rehearsals, Heaths, and "Silent Night." *I quite understand*, I wrote Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates.

I REALLY DIDN'T SEE how the *Christkindl* custom could go wrong, though. I *still* don't. In the Trapp family, at the beginning of Advent, everyone writes his name on a piece of paper and the papers are put in a basket, which is passed around as soon as the children have finished singing "Ye heavens, dew drop from above." Everybody picks a name from the basket, and the pickee, if you follow me, becomes the picker's secret *Christkindl*, and the idea is, you do your *Christkindl* a good turn every day until Christmas without letting him know who you are. It sounds simple, spiritual, and also fun, doesn't it? And it works out *beautifully* in the Trapp family. In fact, through Advent until Christmas, the Trapp household resounds with the glad cries of *Christkindlen* who have found their shoes shined, their dollhouses tidied up, or the table already set the day it was their turn. But there *are* a few technical



Karl Swanson

problems that I feel you should know about, just in case you plan to be spiritual next Christmas.

In our house, the first technical problem was Jim. Jim said he was too old for this kind of thing, and I said, what did he mean, too old: most of the Trapps are older than he is; and he said, not those dumb kids that sang that dumb Do-Re-Mi song aren't older than he is; and I said, well, if he thought he was too old at 15, what did he think I was; and he said too old at 42 (*never* tell children your age), but anyhow, I won, because after all, I'm the one who has to sign his driver-education permission slip—and also, if I didn't drive all over New England every Saturday to see the Kingswood JV wrestle, who would? Then the others said, What about Timothy and Janet? Timothy and Janet were too little to do good turns to their *Christkindlen*, so why should they be anybody else's *Christkindlen*? I said, I *must* say, this didn't sound very much like the spirit of Christmas to *me*, and I would take care of the babies' *Christkindlen* if everyone was so worried, and let's *draw*, for heaven's sake!

So we drew, and five of them drew their own names and Janet ate one, which turned out, after we hit her on the back, to be John. So we made another slip for John (a piece of paper *our* baby has eaten is *distinctive*) and we drew again and eight of them drew their own names. I said, maybe it would work out better if *I* drew a name for each of them, and they said, No *sir*, not and have you know who everybody's *Christkindl* is and comparing what everybody did for their *Christkindlen*, no *sir*, Mother, none of that stuff. Jim and Pam said that if they could have paper and pencil and peace and quiet they could probably work it out by mathematical probabilities, but it was getting pretty late, so I called them up by ages, and before Jim drew I took out his name, and before Pam drew I took out her name and put back Jim's, and so on. (Well, unless I *tell* you, how will you ever know how to do it?)

When we had all drawn (which took far more time to do than to read about, no matter what you're thinking), everybody opened his little slip of paper "at a given signal." That's how the Trapps do it, and that's how we did it. I said: "Everybody ready? One. Two. Three. Open. Well, pick it up and open it *now*, Alison! Everybody does

(Continues on page 56)

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POVERTY AND INFANT DEATH

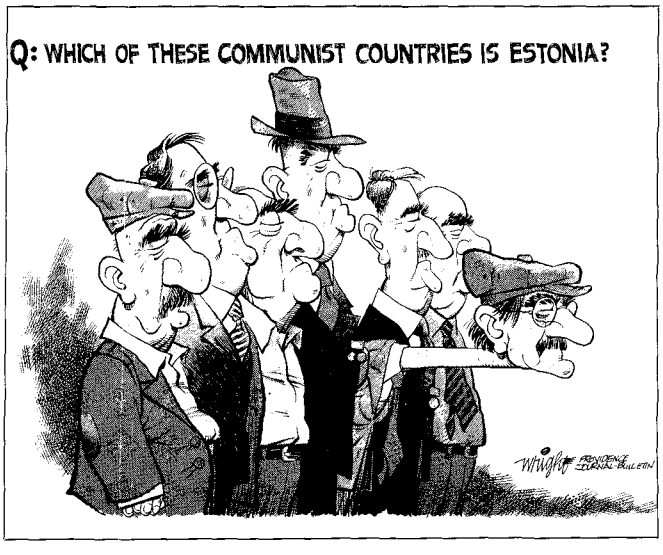
The need to protect our nation's children offers the most plausible case for interventionist social policy. And yet one form of behavior encouraged by our welfare policies is among the leading causes of infant death.

IS ILLEGITIMACY A PUBLIC-HEALTH HAZARD?

NICHOLAS EBERSTADT

IN RECENT YEARS, the well-being of America's children has become a topic of intense public discussion. Many authoritative commentators have concluded that childhood has become a time of significant, and increasing, risk in America. Considerable evidence, in fact, has been adduced to make the case that the material condition of America's children has seriously worsened over the past decade and a half.

The outlines of the problem, as typically presented, are by now familiar. By the reckoning of the U.S. Census Bureau, real per-capita income in the United States rose by more than 25 per cent between 1973 and 1986; yet over those same years the poverty rate for Americans under 18 years of age increased by nearly two-fifths: from just over 14 per cent to almost 20 per cent. While America had four million fewer children in 1986 than in 1973, almost three million more children were estimated to be living in poverty. Between 1973 and 1986, both the child-poverty rate and the absolute number of children in poverty rose in all the ethnic categories the Census Bureau delineated ("White," "Black," "Spanish origin"); relatively and absolutely, the greatest increase in measured poverty was among "White" children.



Placed in broader perspective, these figures and trends seem even more disheartening. Although the United States continues to enjoy virtually the highest per-capita income in the world, a study just published in *Science* magazine (and co-authored by the chief of the Census Bureau's Center for International Research) concludes that the rate of child poverty is higher in the United States than in Australia, Canada, Sweden, the United Kingdom, or West Germany—higher, indeed, than in any of the other industrialized countries for which calculations were presented. The assessment by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, long one of America's foremost experts on social-welfare policy, is more distressing still. In the printed version of his 1985 Godkin lectures at Harvard, Moynihan writes: "It is fair to assume that the United States has become the first society in history in which a person is more likely to be poor if young rather than old."

IT IS HARDLY SURPRISING that these data and judgments should have attracted widespread attention and evoked deep concern. More interesting, perhaps, have been the particulars of the responses. For some, the issue of child welfare seems to have sounded reveille for a new era of social-policy initiatives. And indeed, it is in the circumstances of children that the strongest possible case for statist welfare policy is to be made. Innocent, vulnerable, imperiled through no fault or action of their own, children in distress might seem an almost crystalline representation of the idea of the "deserving poor"—those persons who can (and indeed should) be helped through public assistance without fear that they will succumb to the "moral hazards" that necessarily accompany such charity.

Consider, for example, the *New York Times*'s four-part pre-election editorial on child poverty, subtitled "An Issue for the No-Issue Campaign." The editorial warned that "the piecemeal proposals" the presidential "candidates have

Mr. Eberstadt is a visiting fellow at the Harvard Center for Population Studies and a visiting scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. His latest book is The Poverty of Communism *(Transaction Books).*

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so far offered" would not be enough to "save the next generation of children at risk." "Tyrannized by deficits," it chided, "[Bush and Dukakis] talk only of token spending." The *Times* made more financially substantive recommendations: new health-care programs for children; national day-care services; additional support for young mothers (and fathers); "early childhood intervention" policies; and much more. Of these many proposals, there was scarcely one that did not require either the creation of new federal social programs, or additional funds for existing ones.

For all the importance of this issue, the *Times* editorial series, like so much of the public discussion of the well-being of America's children, seems to be proceeding under the influence of some consequential misperceptions, which may in large measure involve a simple misreading of data. Specifically, the danger posed to America's children by the explosive spread of illegitimacy through the fabric of American society seems to be widely ignored.

In part, this is because a critical piece of data has gone uncollected by our otherwise excellent national statistical system. Were such data to be regularly assembled, the numbers would show that out-of-wedlock birth is strongly associated with infant death—in fact, that it might rank as one of the leading syndromes associated with infant mortality in modern America. Such data would place contemporary discussions about the therapeutic potentialities of "early childhood intervention" through government social programs in a very different light.

The "poverty rate" is the statistic perhaps most commonly invoked in today's discussion about the condition of America's children. This is not the place for a detailed analysis of the technical and conceptual problems with that Census Bureau measure. Suffice it to say that the "poverty rate" is an ambiguous, and apparently increasingly unreliable, indicator of the actual well-being of American children. The poverty rate for children, for example, no longer tracks with the country's infant-mortality rate. (See table below.) Between 1973 and 1983, the incidence of child poverty in America is calculated to have risen by more than half. Over those same years, however, the infant-mortality rate fell by almost two-fifths. For "White," "Nonwhite," and "Black" children alike, the child-poverty rate and the infant-mortality rate moved in opposite directions over the course of the decade.

If the "poverty rate" is a poor predictor of the health of American infants over time, it seems not much better at indicating the survival chances of babies at any point in time. Data from the 1980 Census permit comparison of child-poverty rates for a variety of ethnic groups in America with the National Center for Health Statistics' breakdown on infant mortality. The result appears to be something less than strong correlation. For the group described as "Chinese," for example, child poverty was measured to be nearly a third higher than for the "White" group, yet its infant-mortality rate was less than half as high. Those classified as "Other Asian or Pacific Islanders" had a measured child-poverty rate about a fifth higher than the national average, yet their infant-mortality rate was almost 40 per cent *lower* than that for the nation as a whole.

DIFFERENCES in infant mortality among America's ethnic groups appear to be explained much more effectively by a different (though not entirely unrelated) factor: their illegitimacy ratios. There was a striking correspondence in 1980 between the proportion of births reported to unmarried mothers and babies' survival chances in the first year of life. "Chinese" babies may have been more likely than "White" babies to be born into families measured as poor, but they were far less likely to be born illegitimate.

The correlation between illegitimacy and infant mortality—arguably the most important indicator of the material well-being of the very young—should make us reflect upon some of the changes in the condition of childhood in America over the past generation.

Other things being equal, one would have expected the past generation to have witnessed a progressive improvement in the material circumstances of American children. Three factors would suggest such a judgment. First, the United States has enjoyed a substantial increase in both per-capita income and disposable per-capita income since 1960. Second, the decline in fertility over the past generation has meant that a smaller fraction of children are born to fathers fifty or older—ages at which a decline or even total interruption of earnings becomes more likely. Third, the general increase in the health of the American population has dramatically reduced the chances that one or both parents will die during their offspring's childhood. In 1986, the percentage of children under 18 whose fathers had died was less than half of what it had been in 1930; the risk of being a full orphan was less than a twentieth of what it had been 56 years earlier.

Improvements in survival chances for parents, however, have not translated into improved survival chances for traditional family units. In 1960, more than 90 per cent of families with children were headed by a married couple; by 1986, that figure had dropped to 74 per cent. Whereas the number of families in

INFANT MORTALITY RATE, AND ESTIMATED POVERTY RATE FOR RELATED CHILDREN UNDER 18*

	1960	1965	1973	1975	1980	1983
All Races						
Infant Mortality Rate	26.0	24.7	17.7	16.1	12.6	11.0
Poverty Rate	26.5	16.3	14.2	16.8	17.9	21.7
White						
Infant Mortality Rate	22.9	21.5	15.8	14.2	11.0	9.7
Poverty Rate	20.0	14.4	9.7	12.5	13.4	16.9
Nonwhites						
Infant Mortality Rate	43.2	40.3	26.2	24.2	19.1	16.8
Poverty Rate	66.6	59.0	38.9	38.0	38.3	42.8
Blacks						
Infant Mortality Rate	44.3	41.7	28.1	26.2	21.8	19.2
Poverty Rate	NA	47.4†	40.7	41.4	42.1	46.3

*Infant mortality rate per 1,000 live births; poverty rate as a percentage of all related children under 18.

†The 1967 figure.

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America with one or more children under 18 increased by a quarter between 1960 and 1986, the number of female-headed families with one or more children under 18 tripled. In 1960, moreover, two-fifths of female heads of household with children were widows; by 1986, widows accounted for less than 7 per cent of such female heads of household. Divorcees, separated women, and unwed mothers accounted for the rest.

The rise of illegitimacy has been particularly rapid. In 1986, the number of births identified as being to unmarried mothers was nearly four times greater than in 1960, even though half a million more babies were born in 1960 than in 1986. By 1986, more than 23 per cent of all American births were identified as illegitimate—nearly four and a half times the fraction in 1960. With the spread of illegitimacy, the nature of the phenomenon has also changed. Illegitimate children, for example, are no longer predominantly black. To be sure, the fraction of children born illegitimate is much higher among American blacks than among American whites. But the rise in the number of illegitimate births has been much faster for whites than for nonwhites since 1960. In 1981, for the first time on record, more illegitimate children were born to whites than to blacks. By 1983, whites accounted for an absolute majority of the illegitimate births in America.

Illegitimacy, moreover, is no longer primarily associated with teenaged mothers. As recently as 1973, more than half of the illegitimate children in America were born to teenagers; by 1986, the fraction had dropped to less than a third. In 1986, in fact, almost as many illegitimate children were born to women 25 or older as to girls 19 and under. Illegitimacy has been increasing most rapidly among women in their twenties and thirties—women too old for us to ascribe such behavior to mistakes of youth or inexperience.

The rise in illegitimate births over the past generation has broadly coincided with an increase in the incidence of "welfare" recipiency. By 1984, more than a sixth of America's families were receiving one or more means-tested government benefits. In 1986, about one American child in nine was a recipient of Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC). The AFDC program has been transformed by the spread of illegitimacy among its ranks, and diverted far from its original purposes. (See table this page.) In 1937 and 1938, shortly after the inception of the program, nearly half of the children on AFDC were paternal orphans; for nearly three-quarters of AFDC children, the father was either dead or incapacitated. By 1982, less than 5 per cent of all children on AFDC established their eligibility by such claims. By 1986, just under half of all AFDC children were identified as illegitimate (compare that fraction with the 3 per cent figure from the program's early years). In 1986, over 3.6 million illegitimate children were on AFDC; this would be more than three-fifths of all children living in households headed by a never-married mother. It seems fairly clear, then, that the AFDC program, as it currently operates, is to a great degree a vehicle for financing illegitimacy. One may debate causes and effects in this arrangement, and argue whether things would be worse for children if this program did not exist—but one cannot contest this fact.

Characteristics of Fathers of Children Receiving AFDC Benefits

	Percentage of All AFDC Children		
Year	Father Deceased	Father Incapacitated	Father Not Married to Mother
1937-38	48.4	22.8	2.8
1940-41	22.7	34.2	3.1
1948*	22.8	22.6	14.1
1961	6.9	21.4	18.2
1967	5.5	12.0	26.8
1975	3.7	7.7	31.0
1982	0.9	3.5	46.5
1986	1.9†	3.2†	48.9

*Data for 1948 refer to total AFDC families, not AFDC children.

†Either parent.

If illegitimate children could expect to be as healthy as children born to married couples, the correspondence between public assistance and illegitimacy might be seen merely as a matter of financial or moral interest. But there is considerable reason to believe that illegitimate children *cannot* expect to be as healthy as children born into wedlock. In 1981, according to the National Center for Health Statistics, illegitimate black babies were more than 40 per cent more likely to have "low birth weight" (roughly, less than five and a half pounds) than legitimate black babies; for whites, the risk of low birth weight was more than 50 per cent higher for illegitimate babies than for legitimate ones. The difference is consequential. A major study of 1980 data by the Centers for Disease Control estimated that the infant-mortality rate for low-birth-weight babies was about twenty times higher than for children whose birth weight was five and a half pounds or more. Other figures from the National Center for Health Statistics reinforce the impression that illegitimacy is a risk to the health of infants.

For both black and white American babies, the risk of low birth weight is higher the later pre-natal medical care begins. (Pre-natal care itself does not wholly account for this difference; the decision to seek early pre-natal care is indicative of other parental attitudes and actions.) Black babies who receive no pre-natal care are two and a half times as likely to be born low-birth-weight as those whose pre-natal care begins in the first or second month of pregnancy; for white babies, the risk increases by a factor of almost three. According to the latest data available (1985), unmarried black mothers were two and a half times as likely as married black mothers to go into delivery without any pre-natal care; white babies were over five times as likely to have received no pre-natal care if the mother was unmarried.

The easiest way to assess the health threat posed to the newborn by illegitimacy, of course, would be to compare infant-mortality rates for legitimate and illegitimate children in America. Unfortunately, this cannot easily be done. The United States collects wide-ranging and reliable statistics on all manner of demographic phenomena, but infant mortality by mother's marital status is one that we have,

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Perinatal Mortality Rates

	Status Of Mother		Deaths Per 1,000 Births
Finland (1980)	Married		8.0
	Non-married		11.1
Germany (1980)	Married	Male children	6.8
	Non-married		10.6
	Married	Female children	5.3
	Non-married		7.5
Italy (1979)	Married		18.5
	Non-married		24.0
Netherlands (1980)	Married		10.9
	Non-married		14.8
Sweden (1977)	Cohabiting		9.4
	Not cohabiting		11.7
Switzerland (1977)	Married		10.8
	Non-married		21.8
England and Wales (1975)	Married		18.5
	Non-married		26.3

Perinatal mortality refers to infant deaths around the time of birth, normally including stillbirths. However, the figures for Germany include only children who died within six days after birth; stillbirths are not included.

until now, neglected to compile regularly. Other Western countries, however, do make it a habit to collect such data. (See table above.) Perinatal mortality is considerably higher for illegitimate children in all of them.

There is, at this writing, only one detailed study of nationwide infant-mortality rates for legimate and illegitimate children in America; it is for the year 1960. For that year, infant mortality was more than a third higher for illegitimate "nonwhite" babies than for legitimate ones, and more than 50 per cent higher among "whites." Differences in the age of mothers did not account for these discrepancies: for "whites" and "nonwhites" alike, infant mortality was consistently higher for illegitimate babies regardless of the mother's age.

The National Center for Health Statistics is currently in the process of trying to link up the country's birth and death records for children under the age of one. Preliminary, unpublished data for 1983 are now available. These show that infant-mortality rates were 35 per cent higher for illegitimate black babies than for legitimate ones, and more than 60 per cent higher for illegitimate white babies than for legitimate ones.

On the basis of some very rough calculations (death rates for babies by age of mother, for example, are not available in these preliminary data) it appears that illegitimacy was associated in 1983 with about three thousand to four thousand "surplus" infant deaths. That is to say: if infant mortality by race had been as low for illegitimate children as for legitimate ones, about 3,800 fewer babies would have died in 1983. Alternatively, 3,500 fewer babies would have died in America in 1983 if the proportions of illegitimate and legitimate children by race had stayed the same as they were in 1960.

By such computations, illegitimacy would emerge as one of the major killers of American children. Illegitimacy, of course, is a social condition associated with early death, rather than a medical cause of death in and of itself. Nevertheless, a comparison of this rough estimate with actual cause-of-death figures for American babies in 1983 is instructive. In that year, for example, just over one thousand infants died from accidents and homicide (including child abuse). About eight hundred died from pneumonia and influenza. About nine hundred died from infections specific to the perinatal period. Illegitimacy would, by such calculations, be associated with more infant deaths in America than all these causes combined. Indeed, if it were a medical condition rather than a social syndrome, illegitimacy would have been ranked the third or fourth leading cause of death for infants in America.

Health may be the best synecdoche for overall social well-being; for children, low infant-mortality rates may be the best synecdoche for health. By that reckoning, if we are truly concerned with the well-being of our children, we can only view the continuing spread of illegitimacy with the deepest dismay.

The data and computations given above cast a troubling light on the social programs that have been constructed to address the needs of the youngest and the most vulnerable among the deserving poor. On the one hand, it is apparent that social-welfare programs may provide children with food, medical services, and other benefits that they might not otherwise be able to obtain. On the other hand, it now seems to be the case that these same programs subsidize or finance practices on the part of parents that are distinctly perilous to children. (From this perspective, it is immaterial whether such social programs have themselves created pernicious behavior or merely accommodated it.) It is to be hoped that recognition of the connections between social-welfare programs, illegitimacy, and child health will lead to public policies that are more genuinely protective of the well-being of our children. One might also wish that, after a generation and more of trying to avoid the issue, the realization that illegitimacy is a direct hazard to the well-being of the young will help direct public discussion of the child-welfare problem back where it should have been all along: toward the attitudes, practices, and responsibilities of our nation's parents. □

"I'm not looking forward to this. I always get airsick."

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NO MORE SHACKS

M. D. AESCHLIMAN

In *King Lear*, the profoundest of all works of the Western moral imagination, the old king finally experiences the sense of "natural" obligation and Christian charity that still animate our civilization to the extent that it is one. Tormented by his own folly and by the ingratitude of his daughters, he draws wisdom and lovingkindness from his suffering. In his broken and contrite heart he begins to pity those whom he had never before even noticed: poor homeless people. He reproaches first himself, then all the wealthy and the influential, the powers of the earth, for their indifference to the "houseless poverty" of their fellow souls:

> *Oh, I have ta'en*
> *Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;*
> *Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,*
> *That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,*
> *And show the heavens more just.*
> (III, iv, 28-36)

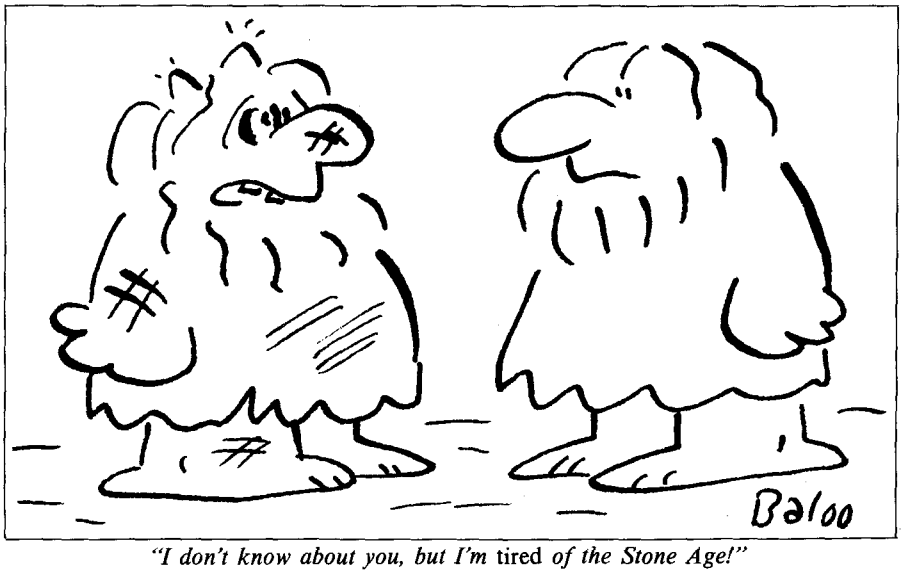
Millard Fuller, of Americus, Georgia, might well employ Lear's language, for they are animated by a common faith and purpose. If Lear is one of the highest products of the Christian imagination, Fuller's discipleship is one of the noblest contemporary examples of the Christian faith in action.

Fuller's pilgrimage began explicitly nearly 25 years ago when he was a very successful young Alabama businessman whose wealth suddenly began to seem unsatisfying and wrong to him and to his wife, Linda. And so he gave away his money. The Fullers moved to the intentional Christian farming community Koinonia ("fellowship," in Greek), near Americus, Georgia. There they got to know and became inspired by the charismatic figure Clarence Jordan, who had founded this inter-racial community in 1942 and courageously led it until his death in 1969.

With Jordan, Millard Fuller tried to discern how one ought to live out the precepts of the Gospel in the late twentieth century. The two men decided to try to bring minimally decent housing to the wretched of the earth in surrounding Sumter County, Georgia, by starting an enterprise in which houses would be built without profit and sold without interest to the poor. The poor themselves would be involved as workers on their own houses, putting in "sweat equity." There would be no handouts and no condescension; the houses would be bought and owned by these people themselves. Property would be distributed, and initiative, incentive, hard work, and dignity would be encouraged; and the will of God would be done.

The result has been Habitat for Humanity (Habitat and Church Streets, Americus, Ga. 31709-3423), now not only a nationwide but an international ecumenical Christian organization. It has brought inexpensive but decent housing to thousands of people throughout the world during the last 12 years. The organization's story is told most recently, and inspiringly, in Fuller's *No More Shacks!* (Waco, Tex.: Word Books, 220 pp., $5.95; also available directly from Habitat). It is the story not only of Clarence Jordan and of the Fullers—including their years of developing their mission and technique in the Congo—but also of thousands of Protestant and Catholic volunteers, including two notable neighbors named Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter.

If there are, as one hopes, "a thousand points of light" in this country—voluntary initiatives to improve the life of our society and the world—surely Habitat for Humanity is one of the very brightest. Yet for all the credit that Fuller gives to Jordan and volunteers like the Carters, the dogged, determined efforts that have made this dream so great a reality have been those of Millard and Linda Fuller, who outstandingly unite vision and conviction with practical business



"I don't know about you, but I'm tired *of the Stone Age!"*

Mr. Aeschliman is a Lecturer in English literature at the University of Virginia.

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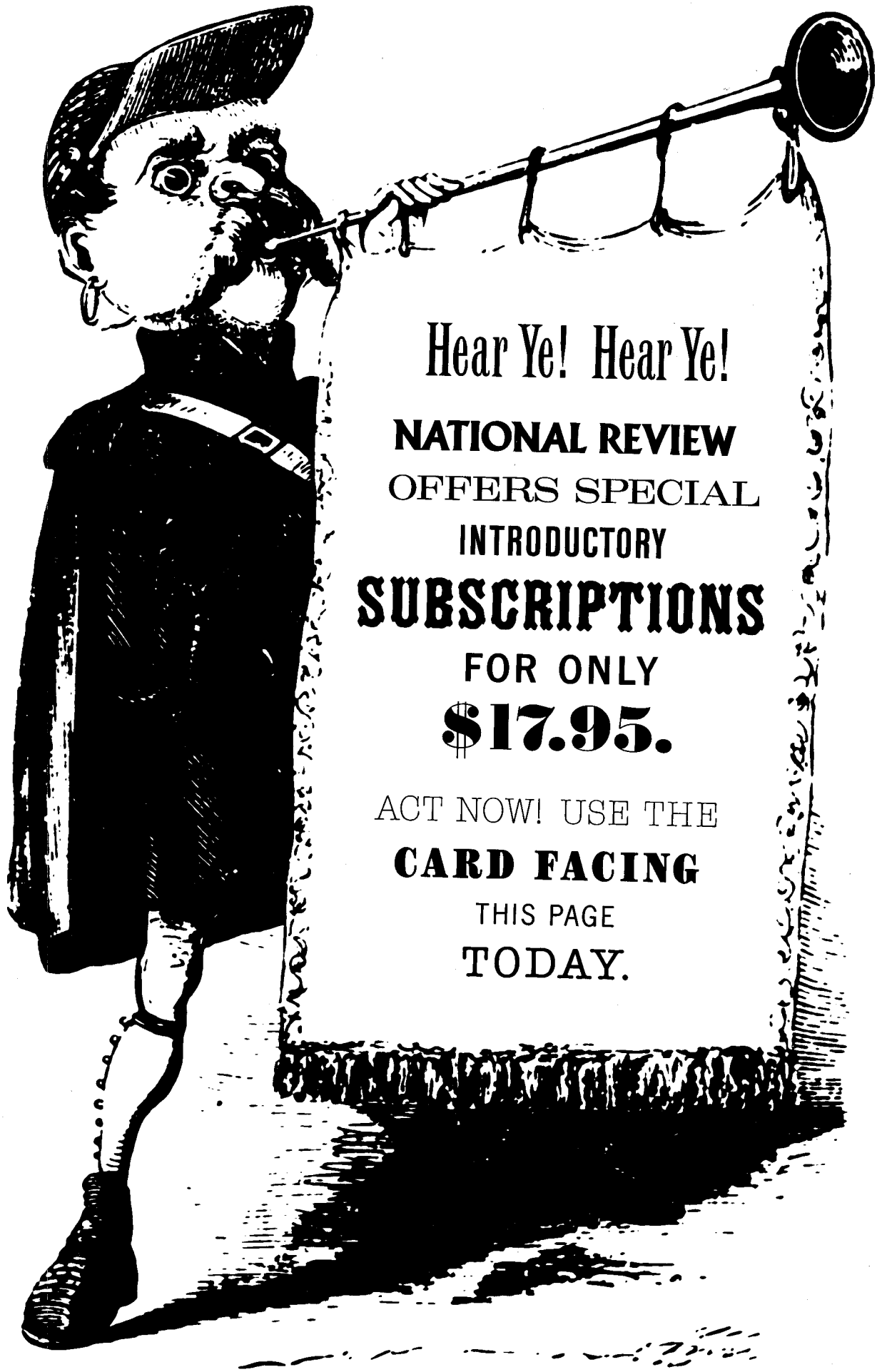

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Through Their Own Efforts

WOULD YOU LIKE to spend one day a month helping low-income families improve their housing conditions? Your response may be similar to my own when I was confronted with this request by the Director of Habitat for Humanity in New York City. I remember thinking, "Why should a busy British expatriate—trained in finance, *not* house building—spend his spare time working in a dilapidated six-story tenement block on East Sixth Street?"

Nevertheless my wife, Catherine, and I soon changed our minds. Within weeks, we came to appreciate the strengths of Habitat.

With $5,000 in the bank, a group of us planned to renovate an empty building into low-cost apartments in partnership with 19 families. Our aim seemed impossible to achieve. We required $750,000 over a two- to three-year period to do this. But local contractors would have charged three times as much. Most of the saving was to be generated by volunteer labor and in-kind gifts of materials, such as windows and kitchen equipment.

The homesteaders spent each Saturday—and many evenings—investing their own "sweat equity" in the building, under supervision. Volunteers from churches throughout the tri-state area made a regular monthly commitment of a day's work. My own church—Grace Church (Episcopal) on Lower Broadway in Manhattan—sent a regular work party of ten to 15 volunteers, irrespective of the weather conditions. And Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter were crucial in raising Habitat's profile by spending two week-long "vacations" working on the building.

In time we found the money. The building was financed by gifts from individuals, churches, and foundations.

Yet Habitat goes much deeper than simply renovating buildings. It draws together different classes and races in an unpatronizing and caring way. The pedigree or career status of a volunteer has no relevance. A day spent laying a new floor soon breaks any ice.

MY HOPE is that Habitat for Humanity will also become a reality in England. Next year, a group of young unemployed people will go from London to Tanzania to work on a Habitat project. This is a start.

In the meantime, I will never forget the pride and joy on the face of Jessica—a black single mother—when she and her teenage daughter moved into their new home. They had been unable to live together for several years because of a lack of affordable space. Relatives had helped out. But now they are back together, thanks, in part, to their own efforts. The Habitat goal of "No More Shacks" had come one step nearer to reality. —IAN WHITEHEAD

Mr. Whitehead, a banker, is a former board member of Habitat for Humanity in New York City.

and organizational skills. Fuller inspires Catholics and Protestants, liberals and conservatives. He testifies for his faith, for its practical realism, to agnostic liberals and liberatarians alike.

For Habitat actually works. The house and the church—the "*domus*"—are the very evidences and tools of a decent Godly civilization. How can decent social behavior be encouraged without the protection of roof and walls, the haven for the restless heart that is the home? Yet Millard Fuller insists on the theological foundation of this work, quoting the Psalmist: "If the Lord does not build the house, the work of the builders is useless." If individualistic, obsessively personal but socially fruitless salvationism is one extreme to be avoided, so is the Social Gospel without God. (The noble Socialist Christian Lord Soper once said that the British Labour Party had given the Gospel feet; to which Malcolm Muggeridge replied, Where had those feet taken the Gospel and the nation?)

So often official church pronouncements are either ridiculously unrealistic (such as unilateral disarmament) or enslaved to the *Zeitgeist*, or else point straight up into the sky, with eloquent words that immediately disappear into thin air. Fuller's genius, like Mother Teresa's, lies in what David H. C. Read calls "competent compassion." Words lead to action—sane, loving, practical, proximate action. His "Biblical economics" is no pilot fish for socialism, but closer to the much-mocked or ignored Christian Distributism of G. K. Chesterton and the Southern Agrarians. "What the poor need is not charity but capital," Clarence Jordan had written; "not case-workers but co-workers. And what the rich need is a wise, honorable, and just way of divesting themselves of their overabundance." Habitat for Humanity meets both needs.

I visited Americus in 1987. One approach from the north takes one directly past the notorious Andersonville Prison Camp, where thousands of Union soldiers' graves are still maintained in the order of states represented. Andersonville was a gruesome example of Civil War inhumanity, yet another chapter in the perennial story of human sin. A few hours in the Habitat neighborhood, where volunteers are housed and trained and in which a number of houses have been renovated or built, provide a salutary contrast to Andersonville. If sin is perennial, so too is the grace of God mediated through Jesus Christ.

Millard Fuller habitually quotes not only the New Testament, but the Old, and his point has to do with the fate of our civilization's central beliefs, values, and practices, as well as with its marginal lives and "houseless poverty":

> Your people will rebuild what has long been in ruins, building again on the old foundations. You will be known as the people who rebuilt the walls, who restored the ruined houses. [Isaiah 58:12.]

He and those he has inspired redeem the time and the age. □

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CAPTURING THE MORAL INITIATIVE

"SIR, A WOMAN preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." The observation by Dr. Johnson has been much lamented by the enlightened. But now there are second thoughts. British churchmen of advanced views are united in their derision of a woman who has taken to instructing them on a different understanding of Christianity and social justice. Earlier this year Margaret Thatcher addressed the Assembly of the Church of Scotland. She seemed so to enjoy the consternation she caused that she has been honing her homiletical skills in a string of similar addresses. Have text, will travel.

Mrs. Thatcher's text is a Biblical amalgam that, in her exegesis, supports democratic governance and its necessary correlate, a free economy. The Parable of the Talents (Matthew 25) does heavy duty, and she repeatedly makes the point that the Good Samaritan had first to *earn* the means to be generous. The chief sinners in her sermon are morally fraudulent Labourites who are marvelously compassionate with other people's money—of which there is never enough to fulfill their pandering promises to the slothful. As Mrs. Thatcher told the journalist Paul Johnson, "I am determined to capture the moral initiative from Labour —and keep it." Countering what she views as the false religion of socialism and the eviscerated religion of a secularized church, she explained to the Scottish clerics, "The Christian religion—which, of course, embodies many of the great spiritual and moral truths of Judaism—is a fundamental part of our national heritage. . . . Indeed we are a nation whose ideals are founded on the Bible. Also, it is quite impossible to understand our history or literature without grasping this fact."

Mrs. Thatcher declares herself "an enthusiast for democracy." To be sure, she allows, when Christians take counsel together, as Christians, their purpose should not be to ascertain what is the mind of the majority but to ascertain what is the mind of the Holy Spirit. In the civil realm, however, democracy is the thing, because "it most effectively safeguards the value of the individual, and, more than any other system, restrains the abuse of power by the few. And that is a Christian concept." Mrs. Thatcher knows that democracy is trump in current political discourse. She has little patience with fustian Tories who, in their contempt for the modern, are happy to grant the opposition a monopoly on the claim to being democratic.

Like Ronald Reagan, Mrs. Thatcher is adept at stealing cards from the opposition's hand. Like the Democrats here, the Labourites in Britain seem not to know what is happening, or what to do about it. Not many years ago, conservatives in America were tediously insistent that our nation was a republic and not a democracy. That tired argument has been superseded by the recognition that ours is a republican form of democratic governance. It is noteworthy that this most conservative of Presidents has constructed an entire foreign policy around the theme of "The Democratic Revolution." Mrs. Thatcher is going President Reagan one better. He has been responsive to forces that provide a religious rationale for the democratic idea; she intends to lead such forces. Like Margaret Thatcher, and unlike Ronald Reagan, George Bush is a credible churchman. Mrs. Thatcher, despite the withered Church of England to which she belongs, and Mr. Bush, despite the more withered daughter church to which he belongs, could revive an awareness of the Biblical foundation of the free society.

Reinhold Niebuhr famously wrote that "Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible, but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary." Admittedly, the historical record more generously documents the inclination to injustice than the capacity for justice. But even the recognition of injustice requires a prior understanding of justice, and our protest of rights violated assumes some knowledge of rights bestowed. The "self-evident" truths of the Declaration of Independence are self-evident only within the Biblical tradition, however attenuated that tradition. The "moral initiative" that Mrs. Thatcher would capture belongs to those who can most persuasively articulate the truths from which the democratic idea is derived.

FOR MORE THAN two centuries, since the secular Enlightenment, the democracy project has frequently been broken away from and turned against Biblical religion. In the Revolution of 1789 the idea of liberty, along with equality and fraternity, was transplanted into an ersatz religion alien to the religious soil in which it had grown. Christians of a theocratic or ecclesiocratic bent could not have been more eager to surrender the idea of liberty to the opposition. And so the pattern was entrenched in which militant secularizers posed as the champions of freedom. Little wonder that our conventional histories leave the impression that freedom of religion and conscience was achieved not by religion but against religion. A typically miseducated college student might well assume, for instance, that Roger Williams, that devout seventeenth-century pioneer of freedom, was the first card-carrying member of the ACLU.

In reconnecting the idea of freedom and Biblical truth Mrs. Thatcher is doing much more than stealing a march on her political opposition. She and those who have the wit to join her are engaged in a historic reforging of an alliance without which the democracy project will again be captured by the enemies of both freedom and Biblical religion. □

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RIDING FOR A FALL

Radek Sikorski

The Shah's Last Ride: The Fate of an Ally, by William Shawcross (Simon & Schuster, 463 pp., $19.95)

HEREDITARY MONARCHY is the most representative form of government. In successive generations the most diverse characters—geniuses, mediocrities, cretins—are represented in power. A solid nation can survive a bad ruler—*vide* Rome under some emperors or Britain under George III—but pity the country ruled by a moron at a time of crisis.

The ineptitude of Russia's Nicholas II in handling a revolution might have seemed unsurpassable, but the Shah bettered him. The Czar was overthrown after three years of a bloody war, his army in mutiny, his treasury empty, undermined by the shrewdest political manipulators in history. The Shah fell in peacetime—when Iran was awash with money, its army fanatically loyal—to a bunch of "ragheads" led by a "moth-eaten" mullah (the Shah's own epithets). *The Shah's Last Ride* is chiefly a story of the Shah's last months, when, betrayed, confused, and sick, he wandered about the globe in search of a refuge.

Mr. Shawcross takes a political disaster and shows how the West abetted it. This approach is legitimate and interesting—we learn about our own governments' conduct—but it can also be tricky, exaggerating as it does the importance of foreign actors. In Iran the method fits. Having received his throne from the British, the Shah had to be restored to it by America in 1953, after which for 25 years he ruled as his country's reliable policeman. Wasn't America dishonorable to drop him like a squeezed lemon?

What interests me more is why the Shah fell in the first place. His regime emerges as much less awful than it has been portrayed. Shawcross estimates that during the Shah's entire reign the dreaded SAVAK executed hundreds, perhaps a few thousand people—a moderate body count by the standards of the region, and far exceeded since by the mullahs even if you exclude the stupid Gulf War. In the last two years of the Shah's reign, the International Committee of the Red Cross noted a "substantial improvement" in the treatment of prisoners.

Was the Shah a kleptocrat—a Middle Eastern Marcos embezzling public money on a gigantic scale? His regime was quite spectacularly corrupt, but it would be difficult to charge the Shah himself with theft. A man who regards the whole country as his inheritance and throws $300-million parties in the desert probably did not know the difference between public and private money. Shawcross despairs of establishing the truth because "as in so many of the financial deals that the rich arrange for themselves, the trails of money and paper crossed and criss-crossed one another, crossed frontiers, in a bewildering and ultimately stupefying manner." In exile the Shah may have had as little as $50 million, peanuts considering his security expenses and the rip-offs he endured wherever he went. But he would not have had to drive a cab in Manhattan.

The Shah's greatest error was not his human-rights abuses, nor his financial corruption, but his destruction of all independent political institutions. Opposition parties, free press, judiciary—all were smashed or subjugated to his will until the hierarchy of Shia clergy and the underground Communist Tudeh Party were the only remaining organized forces in Iran apart from his regime. Inside it, he jealously centralized all decisions in his own incompetent hands. In that sense he was a near-totalitarian ruler. Shielded from reality by sycophantic courtiers, he made mistakes. Worse, when the crisis came and he hesitated, the army could take no independent action to save the state. The regime gave way to Khomeini's *komitehs* without a fight, paralyzed at the top.

The Shah was a contradiction. Although he felt most comfortable with right-wingers, he was not a conservative, and that cost him his throne. Hume and Burke would not have approved of him. His White Revolution, an attempt to modernize Iran at a breakneck speed, was exactly that—a revolution. For a backward, religious nation it was intolerable interference by a man imbued with foreign ideol-

George W. Carey teaches government at Georgetown University. His new book, In Defense of the Constitution, *will be released in January by James River Press.*

David Klinghoffer is NR*'s assistant book editor.*

Radek Sikorski is NR*'s correspondent-at-large. His new book,* The Dust of the Saints, *will be published next year by Chatto & Windus.*

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ogy and customs. The Shah despised intellectuals but he had the mind of one, the doctrinaire, arrogant mind of a *philosophe* who knows what's best for the people. "Your children's children will thank me," he might have repeated after Stalin. Mrs. Richard Helms judged him most astutely: "He had brought the country into the modern world, but in doing this he seemed to have removed himself from its heritage." He felt awkward with Iranians. Most Iranians reciprocated by seeing his regime as a kind of foreign occupation.

Mr. Shawcross is even better on the usual confusions of American foreign policy. As before and since, intelligence was faulty, strategies muddled, priorities unclear. All eggs were in one basket and the basket was in the end found to lack a bottom. This is excellent stuff, illustrating again that democracies are inherently better at defusing conflicts at home than pursuing sensible long-term policies abroad.

But did we "lose" Iran? Perhaps in 1978, when British and American diplomats gave the Shah contradictory advice and the man did not have the guts to take his fate in his own hands? Or earlier, when Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon (Mr. Shawcross's favorite villains) unconditionally committed themselves to the Shah and encouraged his divorce from reality? No, we did not "lose" Iran. The Shah lost it.

To be sure, the West could have encouraged the rule of law, but we consistently did the opposite. In 1953 Eisenhower overthrew Mossadegh, the constitutional Iranian Prime Minister, because he was not pliable enough. The British cooperated with him in order to keep oil prices down. (When the prices were eventually raised, causing the 1973 crisis, we were all damaged far more than we would have been in 1953.) Had we left Iran alone then, the Shah might still be its constitutional monarch, a reforming, stabilizing influence on his government, respected as an outstanding statesman of the century. As it is, this well-meaning man will be remembered as the most prominent of America's foreign clients, a symbol of "both the excesses of American power and its ultimate weakness," as Shawcross aptly puts it.

The author's meticulous research, verve, and wry sense of humor make this a splendidly readable book, offering a magnificent vista of the decade. Secondary characters—Omar Torrijos and Manuel Noriega of Panama, King Hassan of Morocco, Anwar Sadat, Princess Ashraf, and above all, the good Queen Farah, stand out as vividly alive as the Shah himself. Mr. Shawcross would make a fine novelist. Politicians should read *The Shah's Last Ride* to learn how *not* to handle a revolution, diplomats as a caution against complacency in their postings, and America's acolytes as a warning that if current trends continue they will be dumped on the rubbish heap of history the moment they outlive their usefulness. □

UNCHECKED, UNBALANCED

Joseph Sobran

Original Intent and the Framers' Constitution, by Leonard W. Levy (Macmillan, 525 pp., $19.95)

"HISTORY CAN only be a guide, not a controlling force," writes Leonard Levy in this blistering, sometimes bilious attack on what Edwin Meese called "the jurisprudence of original intent." Professor Levy is an indispensable historian of the Constitution, and he wants to show that the intention of the Framers (when it can be ascertained at all) is as embarrassing to conservatives as it obviously is to his fellow liberals. He stops short of saying that original intent is irrelevant to interpreting the Constitution, but he argues that since it can't be adhered to strictly, we should resign ourselves to a certain amount of judicial subjectivity.

Original Intent and the Framers' Constitution shows how problematic the original-intent principle can be. Madison himself never published his extensive notes on the Philadelphia Convention and explicitly denied that the meaning of the Constitution could be located in its deliberations: he found it in the public understanding of the text and, Levy says, was willing to accept changes in that understanding. Madison's generation was not even agreed about the legitimacy of judicial review, and Levy makes a persuasive case that Marshall's claim of the prerogative was a piece of flimsy legerdemain. The meaning of the Constitution, he says, was fluid from the start.

True, there are limits. Levy acknowledges that William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall fly in the face of the text when they insist that capital punishment is unconstitutional. He goes so far as to say they "corrupt the judicial process and discredit it" by so obviously contravening what the Constitution says.

But this welcome concession only raises the question whether Justices may justifiably impute to the Constitution anything they believe to be in accord with its "spirit," provided the letter doesn't stay them. Even a loose constructionist ought to have qualms about freely projecting such meanings. There should be a strong presumption against asserting that the Constitution requires what nobody has understood it to require over two centuries.

The obvious example is abortion. In *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Court held in effect that all fifty states had always legislated unconstitutionally. Given that some states had liberal abortion laws, this meant that *no* public understanding of the Constitution had *ever* been correct. Moreover, I know of no dissenting minority in the legislative debates of any state that had taken the Court's position, namely, that any restrictions on early abortion violate the Constitution. The Court was plainly imposing a current political agenda of the Seventies through the short-cut of judicial review. This was a violent departure, not a development. The distinction should be vital for a loose constructionist, but Levy offers no clue as to how to make it; the thrust of his argument merely undermines it, as it undermines any stable understanding.

Nor does he tell us how abuses of judicial power might be controlled. He simply trusts that they won't happen often enough to matter. But since the Supreme Court typically strikes down *state* laws, this is a real constitutional problem: the state legislatures have no checks and balances to defend their prerogatives against judicial usurpations of power. How can the Tenth Amendment be enforced against the federal judiciary?

Levy enthusiastically supports the Court's use of the Ninth Amendment, guaranteeing unenumerated rights, to give itself *carte blanche* in overturning state legislation. But how are these

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE DECEMBER TITLES: The thesis of *Roosevelt and Stalin: The Failed Courtship* (Regnery Gateway, $14.95), by Robert Nisbet, is that FDR's naïve fascination with the Soviet dictator led him to repeat Neville Chamberlain's mistake at Munich; with the result that, at Teheran in 1943, he acceded to nearly every demand made upon him by Stalin, in the belief that British imperialism was a far greater threat to international democracy than was Communism. (In Nisbet's view Teheran, not Yalta, was the scene of the big giveaway.)

A Serious Character: The Life of Ezra Pound (Houghton Mifflin, $40), by Humphrey Carpenter, is the gigantic product of massive research into the life and work of the great modernist poet, critic, and controversialist, a well-balanced and well-written account. Carpenter is the author of two previous biographies, one of W. H. Auden and one of J. R. R. Tolkien.

☐ COMING IN JANUARY: In *Why Did the Heavens Not Darken? The "Final Solution" in History* (Pantheon, $29.95), Arno J. Mayer, Professor of History at Princeton, argues that "anti-Semitism did not play a decisive or even significant role in the growth of the Nazi movement and electorate," the chief ingredients of the Nazi creed being nationalism, anti-Bolshevism, and Social Darwinism. Had it not been for the crisis caused by the failure of Hitler's anti-Soviet policy, Mayer believes, German Jews would have been deported to the Russian interior, rather than murdered in the Holocaust, which he describes as having become the object of a "cult of remembrance."

Budapest 1900: A Historical Portrait of a City and Its Culture (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, $19.95), by John Lukacs, is a fascinating, and beautifully written, portrait of a colorful cosmopolis poised between the great age of the bourgeoisie and the post-modern, post-bourgeois world.

In *The Sheep from the Goats: Selected Literary Essays* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, $19.95), John Simon offers 49 virtuoso performances in his assessment of a diverse collection of writers which includes Joan Didion and Ian Hamilton, Stevie Smith and Franz Kafka, Gore Vidal and Randall Jarrell, Günter Grass and Milan Kundera, etc., etc. —CW

rights to be defined? Levy endorses the "right to privacy," a fine example of what Burke called "these metaphysical rights of man." Legally, there can be no such right, any more than there can be a constitutional "right to justice."

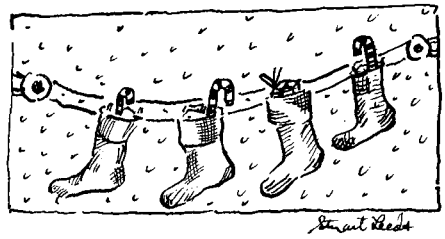
Imagine this amendment: "The right to justice shall not be infringed." As a moral principle it's unexceptionable; as a legal provision it would mean chaos.

Though Levy leans hard on the idea of legal "evolution," the eighteenth-century minds of Madison and his peers were not too antediluvian to formulate a right to privacy. But they understood that so general a right was *too* general even for a Constitution. It could mean too many things, not all of which the United States could be committed to. So they protected privacy, like liberty, through more specific provisions, such as the guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure.

The modern Court has adopted the strategy of pretending that such provisions were only fumbling attempts to express more abstract rights (e.g., William Douglas's penumbral right to privacy), from which in turn it derives controversial particular rights (e.g., the right to abortion) more to its liking. By this means the Court has passed off as matters of constitutional consensus *broader* than mere majority will a series of items that are in fact historically, as well as politically, *narrower* than that will. Judicial review as a limitation on majority rule is one thing, but quite another as a device of minority rule. Levy seems not to understand this.

He is also confused in his use of the term "activism." Sometimes it seems to mean bold court action (which he mostly approves of) curbing legislative power; at other times, it seems to mean a bold reversal (which he mostly disapproves of) of the courts' own precedents. For him, the problem of what Byron White has called "raw judicial power" seems not even to exist.

The entire Constitution is an attempt at once to create and to limit government power. The very success of the Supreme Court is assuming new powers, even in the name of "expanding constitutional rights," forces us to ask when these powers are getting out out of hand and what can be done about it. This, and not just the problem of how to interpret ambiguous phrases like "cruel and unusual punishment," is the issue Meese has raised and Levy still refuses to face. My qualms about Levy's judgment aren't allayed when he calls the 1987 Bork confirmation hearings "a model of congressional scrutiny." ☐



RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT POWER

George W. Carey

The Postmodern President: The White House Meets the World, by Richard Rose (Chatham House, 360 pp., $17.95)

RICHARD ROSE presents us with a panoramic view of the American Presidency. His purpose is to show how over the past two decades changing economic and political conditions, both domestic and international, have served to circumscribe the powers of this office, leading to the relatively powerless "postmodern" Presidency.

According to Rose, "traditional" Presidents—i.e., Presidents prior to Roosevelt II—were also "do-nothing" Presidents: given the limited role of the national government vis-à-vis the states, coupled with the predominance of Congress, "there was very little the White House needed or was expected to do." The era of the "modern" Presidents, Rose writes—those who assumed a leading role in "defending and advancing America's interests abroad," initiating legislation, and, *inter alia*, setting forth fiscal policy—was relatively short-lived.

Rose contends that American involvement in Vietnam hastened the advent of the "postmodern" Presidency and provided a preview of the limitations with which Carter and Reagan would have to contend. Not only did four successive Presidents—Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford—fail to achieve their stated objectives in Vietnam, but the inflation resulting from their "guns-and-butter" policies highlighted the economic interdependence of the advanced industrial economies. "A generation ago, the President had a trump

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card in dealing with foreign nations to act as if they were not there." But since the inauguration of Jimmy Carter, "the first fully postmodern President," this has not been the case. Rose's main theme, which he stresses *ad nauseam*, is that "a postmodern President can no longer dominate the international system." This loss of dominance, he acknowledges, cannot be attributed to a decline in American strength, but rather, and somewhat ironically, to the fact that other countries—most notably the European countries and Japan—have grown so much stronger owing to the success of our post-World War II policies.

Postmodern Presidents, no longer able to call the shots unilaterally, must now secure the cooperation of our major Allies on far-reaching military, economic, and political policies—an imperative task made the more difficult because, on the domestic side, they must also deal with Congress, the bureaucracy, and public opinion in the context of institutional structures and procedures (the separation of powers, federalism, the decentralization of parties) that diffuse power. In his treatment of these obstacles and challenges, Rose does not probe very deeply; indeed, much of what he says is obvious to even the most casual observer: a President's ability to deal with Congress is "affected by whether he belongs to the party with a majority in the House and Senate"; his popularity "should and does go up" if he is "associated with popular events and favorable economic conditions"; candidates for the Presidency are not necessarily "the choice of a majority of those voting in the primaries."

This book, to go no further, is clearly designed for an introductory college course on the Presidency. It is, however, set apart from other such texts by the contrasts that Rose makes throughout between the American presidential system and cabinet/parliamentary systems, principally the British. Yet, even in this, his comparisons are put in simple terms. The President, for instance, is likened to a tennis star, "who wins or loses by his own performance"; a prime minister to a baseball manager who "must rely on others to score runs."

Now Rose is no advocate of "reforming" the American system along parliamentary lines to meet the challenges of the post-modern era. He notes that

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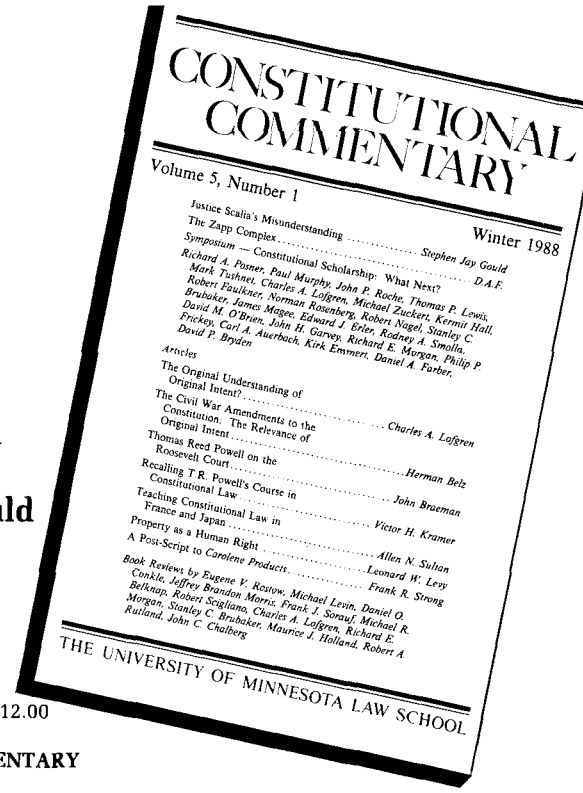

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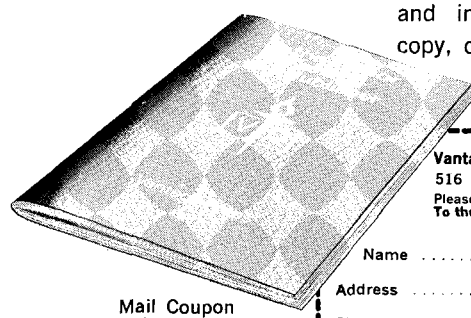

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there is no felt need among the American people for any such wide-scale institutional remodeling; that the necessary constitutional amendments for such a transformation would stand little chance of passage; and that, rather than a disciplined two-party system emerging from such a "reform"—the primary objective of its proponents—a multi-party system might result and with it "endless haggling between parties about the terms of short-lived coalition governments." Nevertheless, he is not above pointing out in what vital respects he regards the parliamentary system as superior. Unlike our system, in which "people who have spent years learning how the federal Executive and White House work appear to be disqualified for the job," a parliamentary government would tap highly experienced and qualified individuals for the "nation's leading post." Above all, there is a greater correspondence between authority and responsibility in a parliamentary system; as Rose rightly points out, we tend to hold Presidents responsible for matters over which, in contrast to prime ministers, they have no real control.

There are ample grounds to take exception with Rose's observations and conclusions. To begin with, his categories of "traditional," "modern," and "postmodern" convey a distorted picture of our presidential history. By any standard, for example, there were certainly "modern" Presidents before Roosevelt II. Nor, in the decades following World War II, was the United States able to exercise its powers unilaterally as extensively as Rose suggests. His central thesis of increased interdependency may be overstated, too; there are still areas in the international arena where the United States can act with a relatively free hand.

Having noted this, however, there is no gainsaying Rose's major thesis: the economic gap between the United States and Europe has narrowed considerably, producing increasing interdependence that has further diminished the President's control over our economic well-being. Rose's comparative analysis, moreover, highlights the tensions inherent in our system of separated powers, which serves to restrict and even undermine the President's role as the principal leader of the free world. The chief merit of this book is to remind us of these stubborn facts, frequently ignored in the oratory of presidential campaigns, which leads us to expect far more of a President than he can possibly deliver. □

ORDINARY PEOPLE

David Klinghoffer

Breathing Lessons, by Anne Tyler (Knopf, 327 pp., $18.95)

THOUGH AMERICA'S artist class has drawn many of its subjects and much of its financial support from America's middle class, our painters, sculptors, novelists, and poets have never quite learned to like that majority of Americans who are neither rich nor poor, powerful nor powerless, particularly sophisticated nor hopelessly parochial. Anne Tyler is a case in point, and her attitudes have affected the quality of her fiction.

For her much-acclaimed previous novel, *The Accidental Tourist*, Miss Tyler chose two out-of-the-ordinary characters as her protagonists: the highly eccentric Macon Leary, a Princeton-educated writer, and the highly marginal Muriel Pritchett, a single mother and poverty-stricken dog-trainer. Doing so, she produced a small prodigy of charm and warm humor. In *Breathing Lessons*, her latest, she has chosen to write about just plain folks: Ira Moran, owner of a Baltimore picture-frame shop, and his wife, Maggie, a housewife. For those who, after *The Accidental Tourist*, judged Miss Tyler one of America's best novelists, *Breathing Lessons* will be a disappointment. While Macon and Muriel were a gracefully drawn and highly sympathetic couple, Miss Tyler struggles to make Ira and Maggie halfway likable.

The whole of *Breathing Lessons* takes place during the Morans' trip to Deer Lick, Pennsylvania, for a friend's funeral. On the way up, they squabble and Maggie jumps out of the car in a huff. On the way back, they squabble and take a detour to visit their former daughter-in-law, Fiona, and her daughter, Leroy. Despite the tightly woven quality of its prose, like most books whose action spans only a day or so, *Breathing Lessons* staggers under an excess of narrative fabric: Miss Tyler gives Maggie three pages to maneuver her Chevy out of a tough parking space.

Miss Tyler is interested in the kinds of compromises people like Ira and Maggie have to make in order to raise children, to maintain a household, even just to stay together. Before the unplanned birth of their first child, for example, Ira had intended to study medicine. Instead, for a living, he ended up "cutting 45-degree angles in strips of gilded molding." When his son, Jesse, remarked once that he refused to believe he would die unknown, Ira, "instead of smiling tolerantly as he should have, had felt slapped in the face." Once, Maggie recalls, her daughter, Daisy, asked her if there had been "a certain conscious point in your life when you decided to settle for being ordinary?"

Though such compromises are built into the conventional system of marriage and parenthood, Miss Tyler believes we need not despair over the institution of the middle-class family. Climbing into bed at day's end, Maggie finds Ira playing a game of solitaire. Like solitaire, she reflects, a marriage starts out easy. But by now Ira had "arrived at the interesting part of the game . . . He had passed that early, superficial stage when any number of moves seemed possible, and now his choices were narrower and he had to show real skill and judgment. She felt a little stir of something that came over her like a flush, a sort of inner buoyancy, and she lifted her face to kiss the warm blade of his cheekbone." As the book concludes, Maggie has come to believe she *will* find happiness in her marriage, but only by doing her best to overcome the innumerable, mostly insurmountable, challenges the years are bound to present. In short, Miss Tyler turns the bored housewife into a kind of domestic Sisyphus.

Breathing Lessons is meant to end on a hopeful note—Camus, after all, said we must suppose Sisyphus happy. But it's too much to ask us to suppose the same of Ira and Maggie Moran. How could anyone be happy married to either one? On a couple of occasions Miss Tyler has Ira acting almost human. More typical, though, are the two scenes—one in real time,

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the other a flashback—in which he drives his son and daughter-in-law apart by loudly informing the latter that her husband is sleeping around. When Maggie needs him for support, she generally finds him deep and unreachable in a game of solitaire. When he's not playing solitaire, he's talking about auto routes or gas mileage.

Maggie, for her part, is pathetic. Twice in the space of perhaps three hours she resolves to leave Ira forever, and twice backs down entirely. She's stupid, too. Once, we're told, she spent a whole evening fretting over a wrong number:

> "Hello?" she'd said into the phone, and a man had said, "Laverne, stay right there safe in your house. I just talked to Dennis and he's coming to fetch you." And then had hung up. Maggie cried, "Wait!"—speaking into a dead receiver; typical. Whoever it was, Ira told her, deserved what he got. If Dennis and Laverne never managed to connect, why, that was their problem, not hers. But Maggie had gone on and on about it. " 'Safe,' " she moaned. " 'Safe in the house,' he told me. Lord only knows what that poor Laverne is going through." And she had spent the evening dialing all possible variations of their own number, every permutation of every digit, hoping to find Laverne. But never did, of course.

These are not sympathetic characters—at best they evoke our pity. Some novelists can write successful fiction about people like Ira and Maggie. Flannery O'Connor could. John Updike can. Anne Tyler cannot. The Morans are just too middle-class for her tastes, and it shows. In Maggie's own words, they are the kind of people "you would classify in an instant and dismiss"; their creator plainly finds their lives dreary and dull:

> Ira [sat] endlessly on his high wooden stool, whistling along with his easy-listening radio station as he measured a mat or sawed away at his miter box. Women came in asking him to frame their cross-stitched homilies and their amateur seascapes and their wedding photos . . . They brought in illustrations torn from magazines—a litter of puppies or a duckling in a basket. Like a tailor measuring a half-dressed client, Ira remained discreetly sightless, appearing to form no judgment about a picture of a sad-faced kitten tangled in a ball of yarn.

Indeed, from an "easy-listening radio station" to a "picture of a sad-faced kitten tangled in a ball of yarn," *Breathing Lessons* envelops its action in a dense atmosphere of depressing class signifiers. The author's distaste is palpable. So is her condescension. At one point, Fiona announces she has taken up the study of electrolysis: Leroy pronounces it "a genuine science," while Maggie "couldn't help feeling impressed. This was a highly technical field . . . something like dental hygiene."

Why Anne Tyler thought she could pull off a novel like *Breathing Lessons*—a novel that asks us to sympathize with and suppose happy a pair as unstintingly ordinary as Ira and Maggie Moran—is hard to say. The reader is left wondering what kind of contractual obligations the talented Miss Tyler had that convinced her to dig this one out of her manuscript drawer. □

LOOKING BACK

DESERT LIGHT

Chilton Williamson Jr.

'A NEW VOICE hailed me of an old friend when, first returned from the Peninsula, I paced again in that long street of Damascus which is called Straight; and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand 'Tell me (said he), since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, toward the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?' "

From this delicate flower of a paragraph grows one of the mighty oaks of English travel writing in particular and English literature in general: Charles Montagu Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, first published by Cambridge University Press in 1888 and for many years out of print before a second edition appeared in 1921 with an introduction by Colonel T. E. Lawrence, whose adventures and writings both were inspired by his great precursor. Unless I have missed something, no notice has been taken in this country (other than my own very brief one in *The American Spectator*) of the book's

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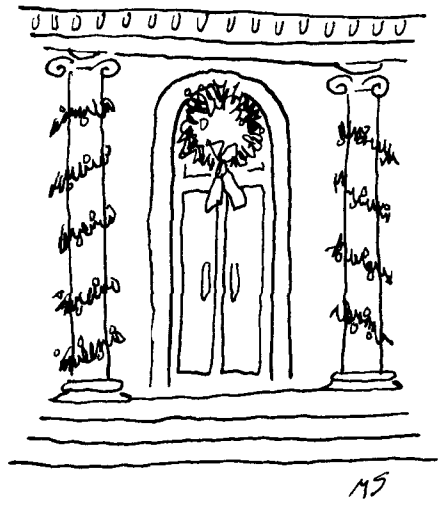
centennial, even though *Arabia Deserta* has been available since 1979 in a quality paperbound edition in two volumes totaling 1,408 pages and published at $14.95 apiece by Dover Publications in Mineola, N.Y. It strikes me as a minor literary sin to let the year 1988 slip astern without marking the undiminished greatness of a book that, in Lawrence's words, "has no date and can never grow old."

The first line of Colonel Lawrence's introduction reads: "It is not comfortable to have to write about *Arabia Deserta*." I know exactly what he meant. Doughty wrote what Lawrence called "the first and indispensable work upon the Arabs of the desert"; he accomplished this only through enormous mental, physical, and intellectual strain. A man of essentially frail constitution, he perdured for two years through the terrible rigors and deprivations of the barren Peninsular wilderness, and again through what were apparently extraordinary agonies of literary composition: *Arabia Deserta* took him a full decade to write. His book rendered what had until then been largely *terra incognita* to interested Westerners, Englishmen in particular; his life during those two years (1876-1878) smoothed the way for his compatriots and co-religionists to follow. By the time Colonel Lawrence arrived in Arabia forty years later, the name of Charles Doughty was legendary among the Arabs themselves. "Doughty's visit was to their fathers or grandfathers, and yet they have all learned of him. They tell tales of him, making a legend of the tall and impressive figure, very wise and gentle, who came to them like a herald of the outside world. His aloofness from the common vexations of their humanity colored their imagination. He was very patient, generous and pitiful, to be accepted into their confidence without doubt." That he was is all the more remarkable for the fact that, although dressing and comporting himself as an Arab, he steadfastly refused to follow the religious observances of his hosts, making—unlike Sir Richard F. Burton, who, more than 25 years before, had traveled to Mecca and Medina in the disguise of a *derwish*—no secret of his identity as a *Nasrâny* (Christian) in a society that believed that to deprive an infidel of his life under whatever circumstances was to render a service to Ullah. (In his *A*



Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah & Meccah, first published in 1855, Burton explained, "In the hour of imminent danger, [the *derwish*] has only to become a maniac, and he is safe; a madman in the East, like a notably eccentric character in the West, is allowed to say or do whatever the spirit directs. Add to this character a little knowledge of medicine, a 'moderate skill in magic, and a reputation for caring for nothing but study and books,' together with capital sufficient to save you from the chance of starving, and you appear in the East to peculiar advantage." Doughty, by contrast, would have scorned such cynical dissimulation.)

Beyond its Shakespearean completeness, its immediacy and humanity, and its majestically archaic prose (Doughty, in writing *Arabia Deserta*, was as much influenced by Chaucer, Spenser, and the Tyndale Bible as Lawrence, in writing *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, was by Doughty himself), the special greatness of this book, I believe, lies in the fact of its author having become an adventurer and explorer of cold necessity rather than by choice. Although he shared—along with so many Englishmen that it can be said almost to amount to a racial trait—a fascination with the Orient in particular and what Evelyn Waugh called "remote people" and places in general, Doughty was no soldier or thrill-seeker like either Sir Richard or Colonel Lawrence, but a poet and scholar, trained as a geologist and greatly learned in Biblical history. When, after a decade spent traveling on the Continent and later in Syria, Egypt, and the Sinai, he departed Damascus on November 13, 1876, in company with his Persian *mukkowwem* (camel-driver) and six thousand Moslem pilgrims on their way to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, his purpose was to inspect the ancient inscriptions at Medáin Sâlih (a watering station some three hundred miles to the south on the *Haj* road), rumored to be of Biblical significance. He left the *Haj* at the *kellá* (a fortification built to guard the precious well) near Medáin Sâlih, hired guides to escort him to view and take impressions of the Nabataean inscriptions of the necropolis, and was living more or less precariously with the inmates of the *kellá* when the *Haj* returned on its northward trip two months later. At this point, a crucial divergence occurs.

Having completed the research that had been the object of his mission, Doughty, instead of returning to Damascus with the pilgrims, chose instead to entrust the impressions to the *Haj Pasha* and strike out deeper still into the wilderness with a friendly *sheykh* of the district Beduins. His reason for taking the decision to do so is not made clear in the text; in the "Preface to the Second Edition," written forty years after the event and thirty after the writing, he explains vaguely, "I might thus, I hoped, visit the next Arabian uplands and view those vast waterless marches of the nomad Arabs, tent-dwellers, inhabiting, from the beginning, as it were beyond the world. . . . I might find moreover, in so doing, to add something to the common fund of Western knowledge." It was an enterprise from which all

> the friendly and well-disposed persons very heartily dissuaded me: it is not of their easy religious minds to attempt anything untried. Whither would I go, said they, to lose myself in lawless land, to be an outlaw, if only for my name of Nasrâny, and far from all succour; where they themselves, that were of the religion and of the tongue, durst not adventure? Khalîl [literally, "stranger"], think better for thyself and return with us, whilst the way is open, from this hunger-stricken wilderness and consumed by the sun; thou wast not bred, and God calls thee not, to this suffering in a land which only demons, *afarît*, can inhabit; the Beduw are demons, but thou art a Nasrâny,—there everyone that seeth thee will kill thee! And if the Lord's singular grace save thy life to the end, yet what fruit shouldst thou have for all those great pains?

What ensues in the remaining (1,115!) pages suggests a New Testa-

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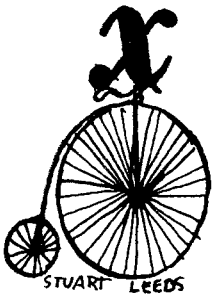
ment figure—one of the milder and quieter of the Disciples, perhaps—wandering in the remotest corner of the Old Testament world. The desert has from the most ancient times served both as spiritual setting and spiritual metaphor: miracles have been wrought in it, Christ prayed in it, the first Christian monks, like St. Anthony, retired to it. The Beduin tents—"booths," of black worsted woven by the *hareem*—recalled for Doughty the tents of Abraham; the nomadic life itself seems to have been for him a metaphor of the human condition. This, I think, was the basis of the—by no means unrelieved—attraction for him of the *khála* (desert); in some ways, his fascination with what is basic, unadorned, and undeniable is recognizably modern. Yet Doughty, unlike Sir Richard Burton (who pronounced himself "thoroughly tired of 'progress' and of 'civilization' ") and most contemporary "pilgrims" into the wilderness, sought not to escape civilization but to refine it within himself. (It may be, indeed, that civilization attains its highest refinement in those places where it is most absent and least supported—one thinks of Moses in Sinai, or John Winthrop on the barren New England coast.)



For Doughty, civilization meant Christianity first of all: that "sweet Christ" whose name he invokes so often in his pages. Despite every danger and temptation, the cock never crew for Charles Doughty: the most magnificent moments of the book come when, in peril of his life but with almost Christlike dignity, he defends his religion, refusing to apostasize. "[Prince] Hamûd I saw daily; I went to dine with him again, and as we sat in the evening, he said to me, 'Is there not something written in the Enjîl [Bible], of Mohammed?'—'Nay, nothing, and I know of it every word.' —'But is there not mentioned that a prophet, by the name *Hamed*, should come after; —and that is Mohammed?' I answered shortly again: 'No, there *is not*.' Hamûd startled, he believed me, his humanity persuaded him that I could not intend any offense—and that were without remission—toward the religion. I said further: 'If such were found in the Enjîl, I would be a Mosleman; do you read this word in the Koran!' Hamûd did not answer, he sat on gravely musing." In this passage we find a distillation of Charles Doughty's Arabian diplomacy, and a notable example of its success: the Beduins, as a blunt and forthright people, respected those qualities, even in an adversary, and they were willing to forgive much in consequence. Long before Doughty made his way at last and in safety to Jiddah, he was known throughout the desert as "Khalîl, who speaks always the truth."

Second, civilization meant the moral code that Christianity had bequeathed to the nations of the West. " 'Hear, O Khalîl;' " the sheyhk Zeyd promised, "so thou wilt live here with us, thy silver may be sent down to thee year by year with the Haj, and we will give thee a maiden to wife; if any children be born to thee, when thou wouldst go from hence, they shall be as mine own, billah, and remain with me." Doughty, though plainly not insensitive to the charms of the Arab *bints*, rejected this and other offers. He carried medicines in his camel bags and practiced the civilized occupation of *Hakîm* (doctor), vaccinating against the smallpox, administering laudanum, and performing other medical services.

Travels in Arabia Deserta exists in two dimensions, an English and an Arab one. In the first, it is (unintentionally, Doughty being nothing if not a modest man) an heroic epic; in the second, an Arabian pastoral. While the author was nearly at all times a "hungry" and a "most weary" man, in danger moreover of life itself, the communal routine he describes and shared was for the most part plain unmitigated Beduin existence. Unlike *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, *Arabia Deserta* is not a chronicle of desert raids, camel charges, guerrilla actions, and railway dynamitings. Although the *Nasrâny* may be at any moment the object of dark scowls, muttered imprecations, and—in several instances—outright violence, his book is for the most part a record of two years spent in a remote society that was—and still is—a civilization, however precarious a one, in its own right. The fact, astonishing as it may seem, must therefore be stated plainly: *Travels in Arabia Deserta* is not only an incomparably better book than *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*; it is also a vastly more exciting one.

Somewhere (looking up half-remembered quotes in his book is almost always an appalling task) Doughty makes a remark to the effect that a man, once he has spent time in the desert, never escapes a longing for it. His famous likening of the Semite to a man sitting to the eyes in a cloaca and with his brow touching heaven brilliantly points up the dichotomy that so fascinated and enthralled him. For the truth is that Charles Doughty, for all of his frequent impatience with them, loved the Arabs. "In the adventure thus begun," he wrote in 1920,

> there passed over me, amongst the thinly scattered, generally hostile and suspicious inhabitants of that Land of wilderness, nearly two long and partly weary years; but not without happy turns, not in the seldom finding, as I went forth, of human fellowship amongst Arabians and even of some very true and helpful friendships; which, from this long distance of years, I vividly recall and shall, while life lasts, continue to esteem with grateful mind. The haps that befel me

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are narrated in these volumes: wherein I have set down, that which I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my ears and thought in my heart, neither more nor less.

And even more beautifully, in the "Preface to the First Edition":

> The book is not milk for babes: it might be likened to a mirror, wherein is set forth faithfully some parcel of the soil of Arabia smelling of *sámn* and camels. And such, I trust, for the persons, that if the words [written all day from their mouths]* were rehearsed to them in Arabic, there might every one, whose life is remembered therein, hear, as it were, his proper voice; and many a rude bystander, smiting his thigh, should bear witness and cry "Ah Wellah, the sooth indeed!" □

FILM

THE OPHULS TRUTH

John Simon

WHAT I LOVE about the documentaries of Marcel Ophuls is that they are so far-ranging and dogged in their pursuit of the truth, so fastidious in their attempt to be fair to everyone. Even if the ultimate truth—as truth will—remains elusive and relative, Ophuls casts his net so skillfully and so wide that he catches the next-best thing. And that is the complexity of the human condition, the contradictoriness of human nature, with its predictability shot through with surprises.

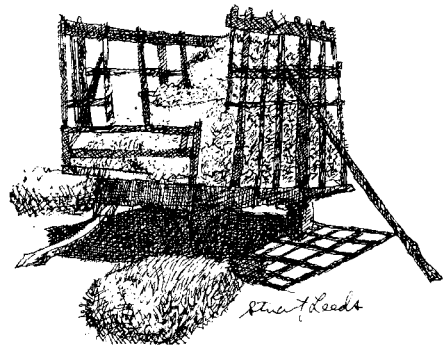
Ophuls is the bane of producers. He always shoots longer and more, and has a harder, longer time editing than they can bear. But how else can a man proceed if his passion is to get at what is morality, what is right, what is justice, the triune question that haunts him? This universal question must be approached in terms of specific murky incidents, which raise the anterior question of what really happened, of what is truth? And that, as Ophuls keeps discovering, is often impossible to ascertain.

His first documentary, *The Sorrow and the Pity* (1970), remains his best. It examines what happened during World War II in the French town of Clermont-Ferrand. It is about marquisards and collaborators, heroes and cowards, leftists and rightists, Christians and Jews, Frenchmen and Germans and the Allies. What did individuals do? How did that affect world events? How is history made? The problem was how to tackle these enormous questions. Happily, Ophuls hit on Clermont-Ferrand, at the *dead* center of France. It is the French Podunk: when benighted relatives in a Feydeau farce descend on Parisians, they're most likely from Clermont-Ferrand.

Some two centuries ago, the great German philosopher-poet Novalis wrote that the poet "needs nothing more than the decision to renounce infinite variety and its sheer enjoyment and to *begin* somewhere—but this decision costs him the free indulgence in an infinite world, and demands restraining himself to one single manifestation thereof." Though he roamed all over the world in pursuit of the problems of French resistance—the *Résistance*—or the lack or rivenness of it, Ophuls sensibly kept coming back to Clermont-Ferrand, for the necessary restraint.

His next documentary, about the "troubles" in Ireland, *A Sense of Loss* (1972), was a fascinating failure that lacked a self-limiting focus; small as Ireland is, it and the British presence in it still proved too big. *The Memory of Justice* (1976) was good but even messier as it tried to figure out the truth behind the Nuremberg trials: the nature and degree of the guilt of the accused, and the nature and degree of the justice meted out to them. Though this documentary shed infinitely more light than such a popular movie as *Judgment at Nuremberg*, it fell almost as short of its aim as that Hollywood movie fell of Ophuls's.

Now, with *Hotel Terminus*, subtitled *The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie*, Ophuls is again onto a manageable story. This is a good place to begin yet another (alas, needed) investigation



of monstrous guilt and precarious justice. Exactly what did Major Klaus Barbie of the SS do in Lyons, whose German commander he was during World War II? And what sort of justice was achieved by his trial in that city forty years later? The answers, even incomplete ones, were hard to come by. For one thing, Barbie had escaped to South America with the help of U.S. counterintelligence, which had enlisted him as a useful pawn in cold-war spying, and Ophuls had to do much ferreting out in Bolivia and Peru, where Barbie and his family functioned influentially and happily for decades. For another, French justice dragged its heels and did not bring the Butcher of Lyons to trial until four years after his extradition in 1983.

So Ophuls's investigation had to be conducted in France, Germany, and both Americas, and ended up costing $1.6 million; a trifle compared to a Hollywood blockbuster, but a lot for a much less salable documentary. Yet what ought to win audiences for *Hotel Terminus* is that Ophuls is a documentarian almost in spite of himself; if he had his druthers, he would be making exquisite feature films like those of his late father, Max—something at which Ophuls *fils* proved unsuccessful. Nevertheless, the fact that his heart is really in show business, that he wants to entertain, enables him to make documentaries that are not dry, private, or fanatical. He looks for contradictions and ironies, for the absurd on both sides of the fence, for what is covered by the Socratic term *aporia*: the perplexity at the end of a Platonic dialogue. However, in *Hotel Terminus* he goes too far: sometimes he puts himself into the film, being sardonic and clever—something he used to avoid.

Very few photographs of Klaus Barbie in his dread heyday survive; even his name is not pronounced alike by those who knew him. Near the start of *Hotel Terminus*, Peter Minn, a retired Wehrmacht major and schoolmate of Klaus's (he was *Bub* [Sonny] in those days), pronounces the name like the French *barbier* (barber); much later, another informed speaker does the same. All others pronounce the name like the well-known cute American doll's. In that two-way name, what irony! For the same man was indeed a Nazi torturer and butcher (the Demon Barber of Lyons?) and also the respectable-seeming naturalized South

*Doughty's brackets.

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American businessman, whom his Indian gardener describes as "a noble man," and whom his neighbors evoke as a jolly, round-faced gentleman—a Kewpie, if not a Barbie, doll.

Such ironies abound. A former Gestapo man (or perhaps an ex-SS officer —Ophuls interviews so many, it's hard to keep them straight) recalls Barbie as a chap you could trust because "my dogs took to him," and dogs always know. What breed? Ophuls asks with mock gravity; "Dachshunds," comes the answer. Equally mistaken as these badger hounds were the U.S. secret services. One retired member, Eugene Kolb, says he is certain that Barbie couldn't have been a torturer: he was too high up and too clever to stoop to such a thing. (Any number of witnesses in the film testify that he stooped.) Did Barbie have it in for the Jews? You could say he wasn't their friend, Kolb replies, without a trace of irony. Barbie, he is confronted with having said, was "a Nazi idealist." Asked what he had meant, he replies that he no longer knows. I could tell him. He was clearly confusing "ideologue" with the similar-sounding and more familiar word "idealist." Of such, and their bosses, are the makers of history made.

But if you fear that we are alone in our malodorousness, relax: the French and German professionals and such whom Ophuls interviewed smell no more sweet. In fact, it is quite as revealing to find out who behaved admirably as it is to learn who didn't. For example, a simple French farm worker, Julien Favet, whom the district attorney says he considered too benighted to testify against Barbie, spoke out repeatedly—as he does here —about the guilt of the people of neighboring Izieux, who betrayed 44 Jewish children to Barbie, on whose orders they were deported to the death camps. Favet bravely tells the truth, for which his fellow villagers have repeatedly attacked him, physically and otherwise. The world must not learn how shabbily Frenchmen could behave, so the D.A. wouldn't let Favet testify.

Guido Vildoso, a former president of Bolivia, opens the gate to his house and garden himself (can't he afford servants?), but courteously refuses to answer any questions, claiming he needs permission from the present government. Conversely, Gustavo Sánchez Salazar, the Bolivian Minister of the Interior, who arranged for Barbie's extradition, speaks courageously about everything. George Neagoy, a retired CIA agent now working in television, refuses to be photographed or interviewed, but we hear his harshly curt refusal. Another former U.S. agent, Erhard Dabringhaus, speaks honestly and wittily from his poolside. One thing becomes evident throughout the film: people with a sense of humor behaved, by and large, much better than those without one.

The heroism of some of these people is almost as unbelievable as is their goodness. The cowardice of some of these people is all too believable, as is their rottenness. But some of the rotters are brave, whereas none of the good persons seems cowardly. Think about that; think about much else in this necessary film. Do not be afraid of its almost four-and-a-half-hours' duration: I have seen it twice and could easily see it again. Only the summit of Mount Everest might feel as exhilarating as the company of such unassuming heroes, such simple good people as you meet here. You will not be bored by any of them; nor will the evil ones bore you.

Perhaps the two most unforgettable figures are Barbie himself and the lawyer who defended him, Jacques Vergès, the mysterious, Mephistophelean Eurasian (half Vietnamese) who has also defended a North African terrorist, claiming that what the French did in Algeria was the same as what Barbie and the Nazis did. (Yes, in a small way; no, in a big one.) I have seldom if ever seen such placid evil as these two serenely exude; much is to be learned from them. And the title of the film, *Hotel Terminus*—the name of the hostelry that served as Barbie's headquarters in Lyons—is perfection itself. How's that "last stop" for an *objet trouvé*? □

DELECTATIONS

HOLY NIGHTS

Nika Hazelton

I WONDER WHAT it would be like to live in a country that did not keep Christmas. Never mind the joys and attractions of India and the Far East —I would miss the tinsel, the lights, and the whole atmosphere of this most joyous of holidays. I would miss

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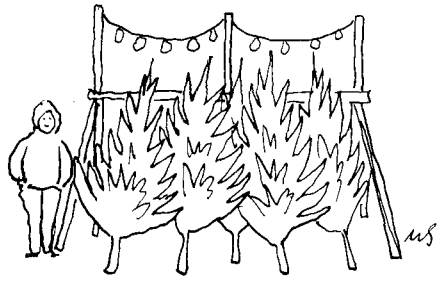
the infinitely touching Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve; I cannot imagine remaining indifferent to the story of how there was no room at the inn for the very pregnant woman, or not being proud of the Three Kings who found their way to Bethlehem from far away, across countries that must have been even more unpleasant then than they are now.

My love for Christmas was come by early in life, through my German father, who cherished the Christmases of his own childhood. My very Italian mother, used to the unfussy Roman Christmas of those long-ago times, went along with my father's notions, like any obedient wife of her generation, the result being the unforgettable Christmases of my childhood. My mother would start weeks ahead, baking dozens and dozens of cookies with the help of the maids. Then, as Christmas drew near, she would set aside one room for the *Christkind* (Baby Jesus) to rest in when He was laboring over a large, richly and colorfully ornamented Christmas tree. And she consented to making Christmas Eve *the* night, contrary as this was to her own tradition of Midnight Mass followed by the *veglione di Natale*, a large, sumptuous supper.

We always kept Christmas Eve as the time to draw within, into the true intimacy of family life. Presents for each member of the household were piled up in little heaps throughout the Christmas room, each pile with its own *Bunter Teller* (colored plate), a special paper plate decorated with a large, colorful Christmas tree and filled with the gaily decorated cookies my mother and the maids had been baking. Everybody who came to the house during the Holy Season, guest or delivery boy, received a *Bunter Teller* to take home. (In my kitchen in New York I have a number of these plates, which I found two years ago in a German store in Yorkville, once the center of New York's German community but today degenerating into a cheap international bazaar.)

When my children were still small I tried to recreate the German Christmases of my childhood for them, but, to my sorrow, I did not entirely succeed. The Christmas decorations could no longer be the branches of fir that my mother stuck behind pictures and furniture: we were in America now, with plentiful indoor heat, and the



branches would dry out too quickly. But I managed to produce a Christmasy effect by putting a red bow on everything that would hold one, including chair legs and old prints of Roman prisons. The Christmas tree was decorated by the children, but we still had candles on it, and we still followed the custom of having the youngest member of the party read the Gospel according to St. Luke under the newly lit tree. And we still exchanged presents on Christmas Eve, to avoid the unseemly parental scramble on the Holy Night to fill stockings and make the final preparations, while the children find it hard to sleep, anticipating the fulfillment of their desires.

Christmas is the time for giving. But rather than give objects that clutter up people's houses, why not bake cookies for your family and friends? The following recipes are ones that I have used for many years. The cookies are easy to make, but if you have never baked before, consult your basic cookbook for more detailed explanations.

Vanilla Rings

(For baking beginners.)

2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt, or to taste
1½ cups sugar
1 large egg
¾ cup soft butter or margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
⅔ cup blanched almonds, ground fine

Combine all the ingredients on a floured board and knead until the dough no longer clings to your hands. Cut off small pieces of dough and roll with the palm of your hand on a lightly floured board to the size of a pencil. Cut into 5-inch lengths and form rings, crossing the ends. Bake on a greased and floured cookie sheet for 15 to 20 minutes in a preheated slow-to-moderate oven (350°).

For a prettier cookie, sprinkle *before* baking with nonpareils or colored sugar; or, using a small brush, paint each ring with a little yellow food-coloring and water (about 1 teaspoon food-coloring and ¼ teaspoon water). Yield: About 4 dozen. Can be frozen.

Pine Nut Cookies

4 eggs
1½ cups granulated sugar
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, yellow part only
2¼ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt, or to taste
Confectioners' sugar
About 3 cups pine nuts

Combine eggs and sugar in top of double boiler over hot water. Beat with rotary beater until mixture is lukewarm. Remove from hot water; beat until foaming and cool. Add lemon rind and fold in flour and salt. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased and floured cookie or baking sheets. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and with the pine nuts. Let stand for 10 minutes; then bake in a preheated moderate oven (375°) for about 10 minutes. Yield: About 5 dozen.

Chocolate Almond Drops

3 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt, or to taste
1½ cups sugar
½ cup sifted flour
1½ cups blanched almonds, toasted and ground
1 8-ounce package semi-sweet chocolate pieces, ground fine
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract

Beat eggs and salt together. Gradually add the sugar and continue beating until the mixture is very thick and lemon-colored. Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Chill in the refrigerator for about 1 hour. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto foil-covered cookie or baking sheets. Bake in a preheated slow-to-moderate oven (325°) about 20 to 25 minutes. Yield: 5 to 7 dozen. Can be frozen.

Chocolate Meringues

3 large egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
½ cup ground blanched almonds
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces, melted and cooled

Beat the egg whites and salt until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in the sug-

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ar until the mixture is very stiff and satiny. Gently fold in the remaining ingredients, one at a time, mixing well after each addition. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased and floured cookie or baking sheet. Bake in a slow-to-moderate oven (350°) for about 15 minutes. YIELD: About 4 dozen. □

THE GIMLET EYE

GUARDIAN ANGELS

D. Keith Mano

A BEAT PATROLMAN had considerable presence once. His discretion was wide. He knew everyone for square blocks around. But in New York tonight he isn't even allowed to make a crack arrest. Scott McKeown, the Guardian Angels' West Coast director, told us, "It began with the Knapp Commission. Then there was the 77th Precinct scandal. Now, if an officer suspects there is a drug transaction taking place, either a sergeant has to come down, or they have to bring a narcotics unit in. Meanwhile the deal, which lasted all of maybe three seconds, is gone. We were holding a guy for crack possession last night. Cops came by in an unmarked car. One said, 'I can't arrest him. I'm with the crime unit.' " That makes a whole lot of sense. The wrong people, it would seem, are just saying no.

Into this absurd legal airpit step the Guardian Angels, each with his blood-clot-red beret on. The standard Angel profile, according to McKeown, would read: " 'age 17, black or Puerto Rican, comes from a bad area of town, minimal education.' If it wasn't for the Guardian Angels, frankly, he would be sucked up by that negative, deadly subculture of drugs and crime." There are maybe 250, maybe three hundred, in New York. What they practice, weaponless and by squads of four or six, is an honorable American custom: citizen's arrest. When they see some crime being committed (and they must see that first), the Angel patrol will hold a perp, by black-belt force if necessary, until police arrive. (I quote New York criminal-procedure law—"in order to effect such an arrest, such a person may use such physical force as is justifiable.") And where arrest would be futile—with crack users, say, whom police have been told to ignore—they smash drug paraphernalia in public.

Guardian Angel—vigilante or hero? That question was advanced at a recent New York County Lawyers Association forum. As Roy Innis, CORE National Chairman (and my favorite black advocate), said, "For some reason the media has dominated modern usage of the word. The implication of 'vigilante' is almost always negative. I will submit that there are more positive examples of vigilante-ism than negative." Dead center: liberals disparage private-sector initiative of any sort, unless that initiative is directed against an establishment concern. Even so, the distinction, vigilante or hero, is bogus. Throughout time the vigilante has been motivated by clear material prospects: to protect either personal property or some significant cultural standard. But what stake can a young black from Bedford-Stuyvesant have in defending middle-class Restaurant Row from crack traffic? None. The Bow Street Runners in Fielding's age maybe aside, I can think of no close historical parallel. You don't feel a posse mentality here. The Guardian Angels evolved in response to monotonous, modern urban terror. Idealism and, sure, a certain male romantic spirit, have kept them around since 1979.

Norman Siegel, Executive Director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, opposes the Angels' "slam and jam" technique. So, for that matter, did Ed Koch. (The Angel stake-out of Restaurant Row embarrassed him.) Angels, unlike police, aren't "accountable"—except through civil action, and you won't recover much from a 17-year-old slum kid. (Seventy-nine cross-complaints have been filed recently, none upheld.) To Siegel the crack stem broken by an Angel is "demagogic" destruction of evidence—even though that evidence would never be introduced. (Legalism has been the last, and easiest, refuge of scoundrels.) Siegel is afraid this Angel precedent will inspire some Charles Bronson *Death Wish* type. (The present crime rate and normal human dread are quite sufficient for that.) We must never, ta-dum, take law into our own hand—at which point Roy Innis, speaking about citizen's arrest, replied, in a very dark roar, "It *is* the law."

Violent crime, Siegel will admit, is up 61 per cent since 1968 or so. Yes, his mother can't venture with much confidence outside her Brooklyn apartment. Still our criminal-justice system is in delicate balance—it "requires sensitivity by the police, vigilance by the courts, and respect and understanding by the citizens." Understanding, in particular, from that citizen who just got offed to finance some quadraphonic drug habit. There are few (if any) instances of Guardian Angel high-handedness, but, for Siegel, just one would be enough. This is the great, paralyzing liberal canard—that, of government, of responsible citizens, absolute perfection must be required. No relative standard is admissible. For the criminal, however, all *exceptions* are honored. And this obsession with that one innocent suspect, that one disenfranchised soul, can effectively hamstring and demoralize a civilization—and, in passing, promote the Ambulance Chasers' Liberal Uplift.

"A passivist mentality has been engendered by certain elements of our society, led by media," Innis said. "Call the police, knowing full well they're not going to come in time."

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Some while back Innis caught the drug-addict thief who had stolen his car. "He resisted. Frankly, I wasn't sorry." For his civic effort Innis got arrested on a cross-complaint. "Roy John Dillinger Innis. Mug shots, the whole routine, fingerprinting." A three-and-one-half-week trial followed. The prosecutor began it so: "This family man, while plying his trade, was set upon brutally by Mr. Innis—" Indeed, prosecutors—not any Guardian Angel patrol—are the ones least accountable in our culture. But there is a more profound social dysfunction here: it has to do with our delegating mentality. "You delegate education, maintenance, shelter, and food. You delegate your parents. You delegate your bad habits—I'm a drug addict, somebody got to help me. I got AIDS, it's someone's fault. We can have specialists—but we still must reserve a responsibility."

There are, McKeown said, about five thousand Guardian Angels in America now. I register my gratitude to them here. They represent an almost-lost civic nature and the high morale that once enlivened it. They are—what else?—black and Latin Holden Caulfields, catchers of us in the savage, urban rye. □

KRISTOL

(Continued from page 27)

This Christmas, as in all Christmases past and future, there will be no Christmas tree in my home. But I am not anti-Christian and see nothing wrong with the Christian majority erecting Christmas trees on public property. Indeed, I have what I regard as a theologically positive view of Christianity. Like the greatest Jewish theologian of this century, Franz Rosenzweig, I see Christianity as a sister religion to Judaism, as a form of "Judaism for the Gentiles." I can understand that some Christians might not think this theological view to be as positive as they would like, that they might even find it somewhat patronizing—just as I find somewhat patronizing the Christian view of Judaism as a necessary prelude to Christianity. But true theological difference of opinion ought not to impinge on the ability of the two faiths to live amicably together. □

HEATH

(Continued from page 35)

not have to fold their paper up again and forget the names they drew. . . . Besides, how could they? . . . Not fold the papers for heaven's sake; forget the *names*! . . . Well, all right . . . all *right*, I said; *we're starting over*. Everybody ready? One. Ready—Alison, anybody would think you were five and a half. Two. Three. Open. ALISON!!"

So we opened our little slips of paper at a given signal (the Trapps said "a" given signal, after all, not *which*) (what irritates me is that Alison can't even *read*!) and everybody learned the name of his secret—*secret*, mind you—*Christkindl*. This is another uniformly joyful moment in the Trapp family. At this moment in the Heath family, Jim looked up from his slip, glared at John, and groaned. John looked up from his slip, glared at Jim, and made vomiting noises. Priscilla said: "Oh *Mother*, do I *have* to have that pest?" Buckley said: "Mother how do you think that makes a poor little boy feel to have everybody in this whole absolute world call him a pest every absolute minute?" Everybody nudged everybody else. "Jim has John. John has Jim. Priscilla has Buckley," they told each other.

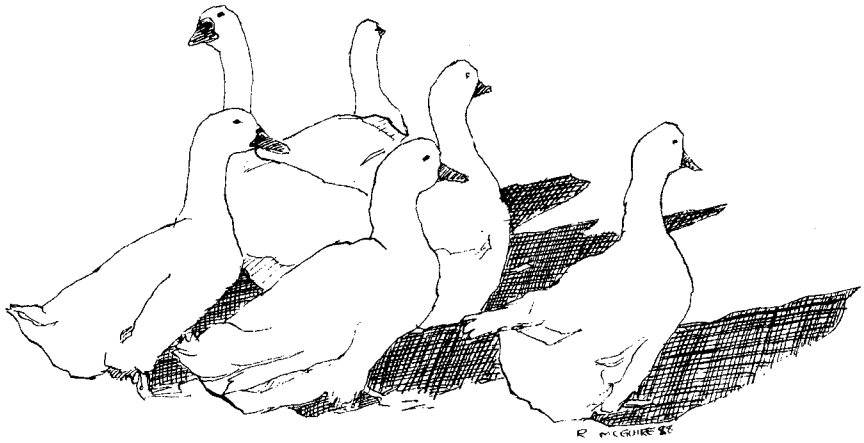
The non-readers came running up to find out who their *Christkindlen* were. "Pam," I whispered into Betsey's ear. "Pam," shrieked Betsey. "Betsey has Pam," everybody told everybody else.

"Tim-Tim, but don't tell," I whispered into Jennifer's ear. She flung her arms around Timothy's head. "Tim-Tim, I *know* sumpeen. I *know* sumpeen, Tim-Tim," she roared. "Jennifer has Timothy," everybody told everybody else. The baby ate her paper again, but it was all right this time: I knew whose name she had eaten. I had arranged for us to draw each other, because we're in love.

A few minutes later they thundered upstairs to homework or bed, and even over the rattling of the window panes I heard the negotiations starting. "Well, then, will you trade Priscilla for Alison and a nickel? For Alison and a dime? For me not hiding your shell collection? For me not hitting you in the stomach as hard as I can?"

Actually, it didn't turn out too badly. After a few days of such good turns as reporting that a *Christkindl* hadn't done his arithmetic because he was going to copy Georgie's before school tomorrow (and he just can't *learn* anything that way, can he, Mother?), or throwing a *Christkindl*'s cherished leather jacket into the washing machine (because it was so absolutely *filthy* he could have got *germs* from it, Mother), or taking the batteries out of a *Christkindl*'s flashlight because she reads under the covers after bedtime (and that's why practically *everybody* practically *constantly* goes blind, isn't it, Mother?), everybody was getting pretty tense, not to mention bloody, until one of them—I haven't asked which—found a solution: every Sunday now, they each buy seven penny lollipops, and every night they slip a lollipop under their *Christkindl*'s pillow. Well, I *know* that doesn't sound so terribly spiritual, but it's better than what they used to do. What they used to do was steal each other's lollipops.

I wouldn't want anybody to think that my baby and I have sunk to such a mundane relationship, though. We haven't had to change our routine at all. Every morning Janet allows her *Christkindl* to rock her a little; and every evening I rock my *Christkindl* a little. □



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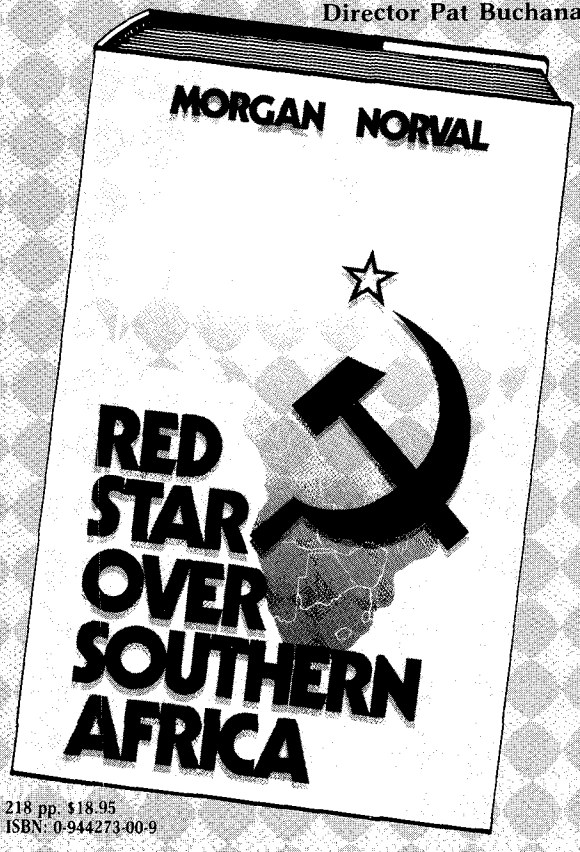

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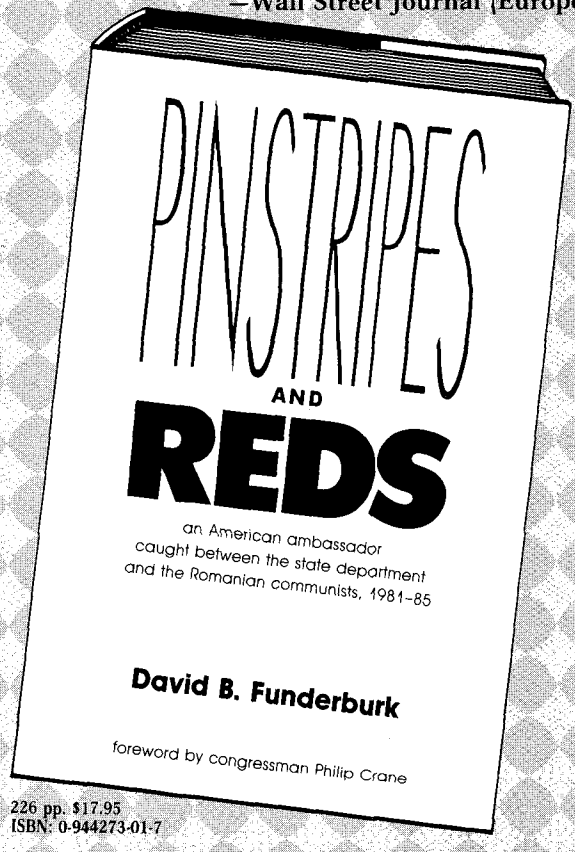
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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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FEMALE CONDUCTOR, 30, Jewish, classic face and figure, would like to meet N.Y.-based corporate classical-music lover. This president of a nonprofit corporation for the arts would like a cultured gentleman, 30–45, who has honorably earned a high position in his field but realizes Alpine hiking is more fun in twos. NR Box 6137.

ATTORNEY, 35, HANDSOME, never married, Christian. Enjoys conversation, politics, humor, running, travel, writing, cultural interests—and baseball. Please send photo. Write NR Box 6111.

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CONSERVATIVE, YOUTHFUL, early 40s, tired of batching, never married. Interests include painting, fine arts, Flannery O'Connor, old houses, gourmet cooking, Sunny South. Seeks lady, 20–40, preferably never married, willing to place home and family first. Traditional values and total honesty appreciated. Photo, please. NR Box 6124.

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HOW MUCH FOR DEFENSE?

NEW YORK, NOV. 30

TALK OF John Tower as SecDef cheers Towerites, who acknowledge gratefully his years' service in behalf of tough defense. There is, of course, opposition, and it repays attention whether Mr. Tower has been accepted or rejected by the time these words appear.

The *New York Times*, as ever an alembic of liberal analysis, entitles its lead editorial, "Better Choices than John Tower." And we are off to the races:

"Mr. Tower's career suggests he would be another advocate of higher spending, just when the Pentagon needs a champion of reform." This sentence is just plain inscrutable. It sets up reform as the antonym of higher spending. But how can we know that this is so? If indeed it were so, then presumably the abolition of the Department of Defense would be the ultimate reform. We assume the *Times*'s editors don't really mean to say that, but if they mean to say less than that, what criteria are they using to decide at what point "reform" ends and recklessness begins?

"President Reagan and his Defense Secretary, Caspar Weinberger, drove up military outlays hastily and relentlessly. They restored military morale and increased the readiness of forces—but at enormous cost in waste, fraud, and management overload."

It is unquestionably the case that there was waste, fraud, and management overload. There is waste, fraud, and management overload in the New York City school system. W., f., & m.o. are always deplorable and almost always an aspect of how much money is spent. If you are going to spend $300 billion in one year, you are going to have waste and fraud and management overload. The difference between such bureaucracies as are designed to teach children and those designed to deter the Soviet aggressive machine is that you cannot take chances in the one field, whereas the other permits oscillations in performance. If a bridge's dependability is suddenly suspect, you take emergency action. Either you close it down, or you buttress it redundantly. That was the situation faced by Reagan-Weinberger in 1981.

"Polls in the campaign showed that most Americans favor cutting or holding the line on the $300-billion Pentagon budget." In the history of unreasoned thought, this one has got to stand out. The editors might as well have written, "Polls in the campaign showed that most Americans favor holding the line at $10,000 for a heart transplant." Suppose that the polls had showed that most Americans favored holding the line at $100 billion? The function of the Department of Defense is first to deter the Soviet Union's strategic nuclear arm, then to give muscle to our imperial obligations. The cost of doing this is an aspect of the nature and resources of the adversary. To have a clear reading of this requires intensive application, beyond the resources of the typical voter, who needs to accept the judgment of this or the other political contender. Mr. Bush ran on the continuing need to maintain a strong DoD, Dukakis ran on his long opposition to military innovations. Dukakis lost.

"Then"—during the early Eighties—"there were exaggerated fears of Soviet strength. Now, with much more information about the Soviet economy and military capabilities, experts and citizens have reached a sounder view." The "inordinate fear of Communism"—Jimmy Carter's fatuous words, spoken at Notre Dame in 1977—all over again. But proving that our fears of Soviet strength were exaggerated is the equivalent of proving that John's resolution taken on New Year's Eve 1981 to stop smoking, stop boozing, start exercising, and start getting more sleep had nothing to do with his improved state of health.

Directly opposite the editorial in question appears an Op-Ed essay by Nicholas Eberstadt, a visiting scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. After deep exploration of Soviet defense expenditures, he writes, "The Gosplan GNP numbers . . . suggest that Soviet defense spending could easily reach 25 per cent of total output." That would be the equivalent, in terms of U.S. GNP, of our spending not $300 billion per year, but four times that—$1.2 trillion per year. Are we nuts to be concerned about a huge expansionist, totalitarian power facing economic starvation but spending one-quarter of its entire production on aggressive military hardware?

Three cheers for Tower. □

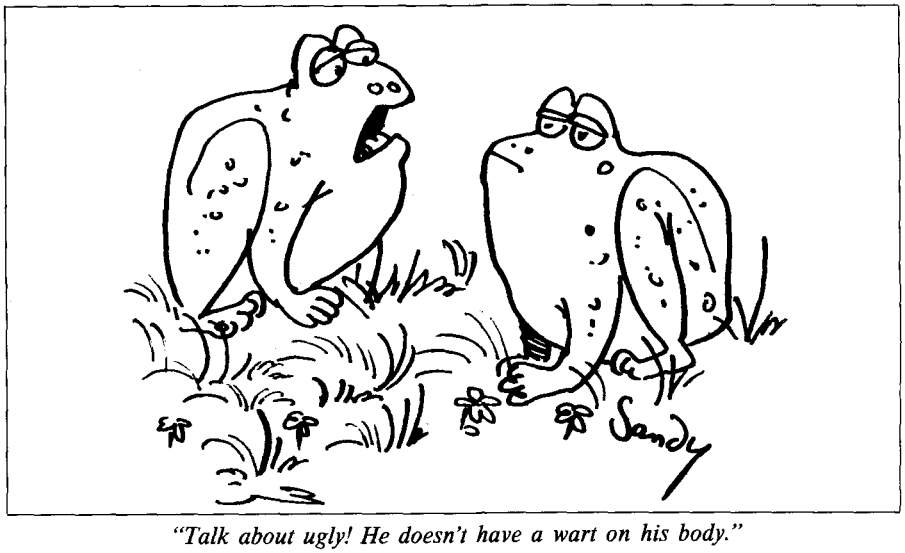
ELECTION DROPPINGS

NEW YORK, NOV. 16

HERE ARE A few of the statistics that congealed on Election Day and caught the eye of this pundit (the figures are courtesy of the *New York Times*).

—Bush did better in the popular vote in 1988 (54 per cent) than Reagan did in 1980 (51 per cent).

—Nationally, the gender gap all but disappeared (Bush 50, Dukakis 49), which is a good thing since women outvoted men (52 to 48).



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—Contrary to expectations, Bush did only slightly better than Reagan '80 with blacks (12 to Reagan's 11), but significantly better than Reagan '84 (12 to Reagan's 9).

—Bush did best with the 45-to-59-year-olds (57 to 42) but he prevailed over Dukakis with every age group, coming close only with those sixty and over (50 to 49).

—Bush did best with college graduates (62 to 37), least well with post-graduates (50 to 48) and with those who did not complete high school (43 to 56).

—Bush did better than Reagan '84 with the Jewish vote (35 to Reagan's 31), but not as well as Reagan '80 (35 to Reagan's 39).

—Bush did almost exactly as well with union households as Reagan '80 (42 to Reagan's 43).

—The wealthier the voter, the more pronouncedly in favor of Bush. But Bush began (49 to 50) to overtake Dukakis among voters with incomes between $12,500 and $25,000.

—Bush got far fewer Democrats than Reagan '84 (17 to Reagan's 24).

—Bush split the blue-collar workers with Dukakis almost exactly (49 to 50). Dukakis's heaviest patronage was among the unemployed (62 to 37). Bush's was among "homemakers" (58 to 41).

—Bush got 21 per cent of Democrats who voted in their primaries.

—Whereas 15 per cent of black men voted for Bush, only 9 per cent of black women did so.

—Bush's draw with women was weakest among the very young (18 to 29)—49 per cent—and the elderly (sixty and over)—48 per cent.

—Bush was weakest (12 per cent) among very young blacks and (9 per cent) elderly blacks.

—Married men (60 per cent) and women (54 per cent) were more heavily pro-Bush than the unmarried (51 per cent, 42 per cent).

—The lowest turnout (D.C.) of voters went the most heavily for Dukakis. The highest turnout (Minnesota) also went for Dukakis.

—Although 54 per cent of the voters went for Bush, 60 per cent of the House of Representatives will be Democratic.

—In every state where the voters were asked to declare English the official language (Colorado, Florida, Arizona) they did so. There are now 17 states that have ordained English as the official language.

—In every state in which an abortion measure was voted on, the anti-abortion vote carried the day. Currently, 37 states do not have programs to help to pay for abortions. In Michigan, for the first time in 17 years, anti-abortion forces won a referendum to ban publicly financed abortions.

—California heavily rejected a proposition that would have compelled doctors who discovered a positive response to the AIDS virus to track down and warn the patient's sex partners. But the voters approved mandatory testing for AIDS of suspects in certain crimes.

—The National Rifle Association lost the vote in Maryland, which sustained the ban on cheap handguns.

—Smokers narrowly escaped in Oregon a law that would have banned smoking in public places, but lost in California, which authorized a huge rise in smoking taxes (to 35 cents from 10 cents).

—Massachusetts rejected a measure that would have shut down the state's two nuclear power plants. Coming up in 1990, a Massachusetts measure to shut down Governor Dukakis. □

GIVE THEM THAT CREDIT

NEW YORK, NOV. 21

GRANTED, THE LADY had had a drink, maybe two. In vino veritas. Do you want to know, she whispered, why your brother (James L., sometime sainted junior senator from New York, sometime Under Secretary of State, currently Judge, Court of Appeals) lost his bid for the Senate from Connecticut (in 1980)? "Yes. Do tell," I whispered back. "Abortion." Swig. "The big secret in America isn't how many people are for abortions, how many against them. It's that . . . *they* are the ones who would be popping out the children if we didn't allow abortion. Don't you understand?"

I think I understood a little more than I let on, but I went then to the books, and the figures are there. The black and Hispanic communities are responsible for approximately 33 per cent of all abortions, though they account for only 15 per cent of the population. I was being told, in effect, that abortion is the only practical way of preventing a black population explosion.

As one reflects on the lady's point—and one must suppose that it is widely shared—the moral position of the right-to-lifers is greatly strengthened. If it is widely known to the Choicers that blacks and Hispanics make up a very large percentage of those who log abortions, then one must suppose that the same data are also known to the Lifers. And that means that the Lifers can take credit for the purity of their position.

If we are to understand the grimy question, it comes down to this: Blacks produce a much heavier percentage of welfare clients, of unemployed, and of criminals, than whites. Therefore, any measure that has the effect of reducing the incidence of relative black population growth is to be welcomed. Now, most of the same folk who reason in this way would balk at the suggestion that, a few years ago, brought such notoriety to Nobel Prize winner William Shockley. He proposed that genetic sophistication guide our social policy. That it was as easy as figuring out the net cost to the United States of black procreation as compared to white procreation, and looking at the figures. Nothing to it: what we should do, said Dr. Shockley, is persuade blacks, in return for a handsome bonus, to submit to sterilization. Reduce black population, he reasoned, and you increase the general IQ, and reduce unemployment, crime, welfare.

Bill Shockley, who is a rather sweet, innocent old bird, was quite surprised by what he ran into. He was roundly denounced in all quarters, including this one.

But as one reflects on it, there isn't much difference between his position and that of the socialite lady explaining politics to a naïve columnist except that Shockley's position is both more honest and more humane. More humane, that is, if one believes that a fetus is in fact a human being. It is better, the anti-abortionists would clearly reason, to sterilize, than to kill. I do not know Dr. Shockley's views on abortion, but would guess that, as a scientist, he would identify himself with that swelling majority of scientists who will answer yes to the question, Is a fetus, in the second and third trimesters, more nearly a human being than a tomato?

SOME OF THE anti-abortion people have very bad manners, and some of them do not think neatly. I am much abused these days for having written that the French abortifacient RU 486 should not be forbidden by any society that permits abortions—on the grounds that safe and more convenient as distinguished from less convenient means of effecting abortion ought not to be discouraged. My correspondents tell me, Don't you realize that the French drug would cause more abortions? And therefore, Isn't it so that I have come out for more murder? To which the easiest answer is that as long as women who have abortions do not believe they are committing murder, and the society they live in does not proscribe their conduct, to be against expeditious procedures as distinguished from cumbersome ones makes as much sense as wishing that abortion factories should use only blunt scalpels.

But having said this, one must believe that the Lifers will stand out as the social idealists of the twentieth century. Never mind welfare, crime, unemployment, illiteracy, they are saying: a human being is a human being and we are pledged to defend its rights, and derivative inconveniences are just that: subject matter for secondary, tertiary thought. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Creature of the GOP — P A C H Y D É R M
143 157 78 2 32 209 126 60 24

B. Condensed — A B B R E V I A T É
151 47 114 18 175 159 38 65 130 96
D
110

C. Give new life to — R É J U V E N A T E
23 212 182 122 205 160 127 118 39 135

D. Carnival prizes (2 words) — K É W P I É D O L L
43 132 101 33 111 84 146 5 166 172
S
97

E. City in western New York — R O C H E S T É R
176 100 154 40 206 73 8 63 144

F. Has more importance than — O U T W E I G H S
145 72 45 85 192 116 169 9 104

G. Hard to manage — U N W I E L D Y
196 207 58 141 93 25 188 3

H. Clumsy one's "block" — S T U M B L I N G
19 66 147 80 128 216 41 179 113

I. Night crawler — E A R T H W O R M
53 17 87 131 156 1 214 103 31

J. From a bygone era (hyph.) — O L D F A S H I O N
79 88 173 11 201 177 211 153 163 120
É D
37 217

K. Jesus' childhood home — N A Z A R É T H
112 59 184 137 34 77 15 155

L. Not a gabber — T A E I T U R N
98 22 107 190 69 138 152 42

M. Routes — H I G N W A Y S
200 174 180 83 16 56 26 161

N. Impatient landlords, at times — E V I C T O R S
102 64 12 148 74 171 133 46

O. Portending good things — F A V O R A B L É
164 194 125 20 92 167 134 62 6

P. Worshipped — I D O L I Z É D
119 4 86 189 35 185 61 150

Q. Culinary aids—for the literate — R E C I P É S
193 48 106 204 99 67 27

R. Camera features — S H U T T É R S
139 70 51 117 210 10 197 90

S. Shreds — T A T T E R S
191 50 162 199 81 13 165

T. Onetime Hollywood staple — W É S T E R N S
21 108 181 195 71 115 187 52

U. Nicaraguan dictator — O R T E G A
178 30 54 124 91 183

V. Soaked (term applied to flax) — R E T T É D
215 198 57 82 109 36

W. Roses climb them — L A T T I C E S
203 94 202 123 29 49 140 7

X. Impression — D É N T
89 149 168 28

Y. Like Donald's feet — W E B B É D
213 129 76 121 208 68

Z. Greek mount — A T H O S
186 142 55 75 170

a. Unsophisticated — R U S T I C
158 105 14 95 44 136

1 I W	2 A H	3 G Y		4 P D	5 D O	6 O É	7 W S		8 E T	9 F H	10 R É		11 J F	12 N I	13 S R	14 a S	15 K T		16 M W	17 I A	18 B R		19 H S
20 O O		21 T W	22 L A	23 C R	24 A M	25 G L	26 M Y		27 Q S	28 X T	29 W I	30 U R		31 I M	32 A Y		33 D P	34 K B	35 P I	36 V D	37 J E		38 B I
	39 C T	40 E H	41 H I	42 L N	43 D K		44 a I	45 F T	46 N S		47 B B	48 Q É	49 W C	50 S A	51 R U	52 T S	53 I E		54 U T	55 Z H	56 M A	57 V T	
58 G W	59 K A	60 A R		61 P E	62 O L	63 E É	64 N V	65 B A	66 H T	67 Q É	68 Y D		69 L T	70 R H	71 T É		72 F U	73 E S		74 N T	75 Z O		76 Y B
77 K É	78 A C	79 J O	80 H M	81 S E		82 V T	83 M H	84 D É		85 F W	86 P O	87 I R	88 J L	89 X D	90 R S		91 U G	92 O R	93 G É	94 W A	95 a T	96 B É	97 D S
98 L T		99 Q P	100E O	101D W	102N É	103I R		104F S	105a U	106Q C	107L É	108T É	109V E	110B D	111D I	112K N	113H G		114B B	115T R	116F I	117R T	118C A
119P I	120J N		121Y B	122C U	123W T		124U E	125O V	126A É	127C N		128H B	129Y É	130B T	131I T	132D É	133N R		134O B	135C E	136a C	137K A	138L U
139R S	140W É		141G I	142Z T		143A P	144E R	145F O	146D D	147H U	148N C	149X É	150P D		151B A		152L R	153J I	154E C	155K H		156I H	157A A
158a R	159B V	160C É	161M S	162S T		163J O	164O F		165S S	166D L	167O A	168X N	169F G		170Z S	171N O	172D L	173J D	174M I	175B É	176E R		177J S
178U O	179H N	180M G	181T S		182C J	183U A	184K Z	185P Z		186Z A	187T N	188C D		189P L	190L I	191S T	192F É	193Q R	194O A	195T T	196G U	197R R	198V É
	199S T	200M H	201J A	202W T		203W L	204Q I	205C V	206E É	207G N	208Y É	209A D		210R T	211J H	212C É		213Y W	214I G	215V R	216H L	217J D	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 58 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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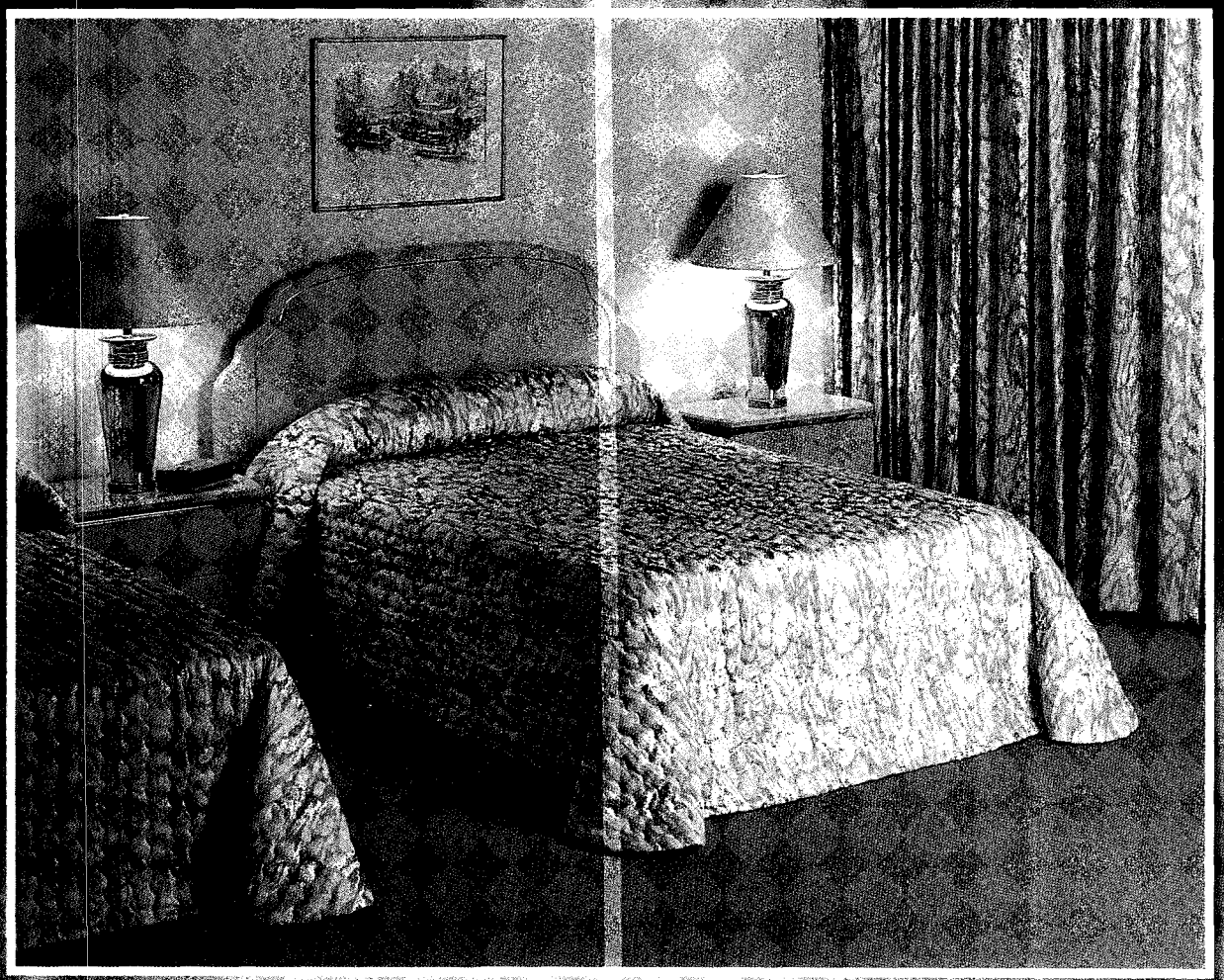

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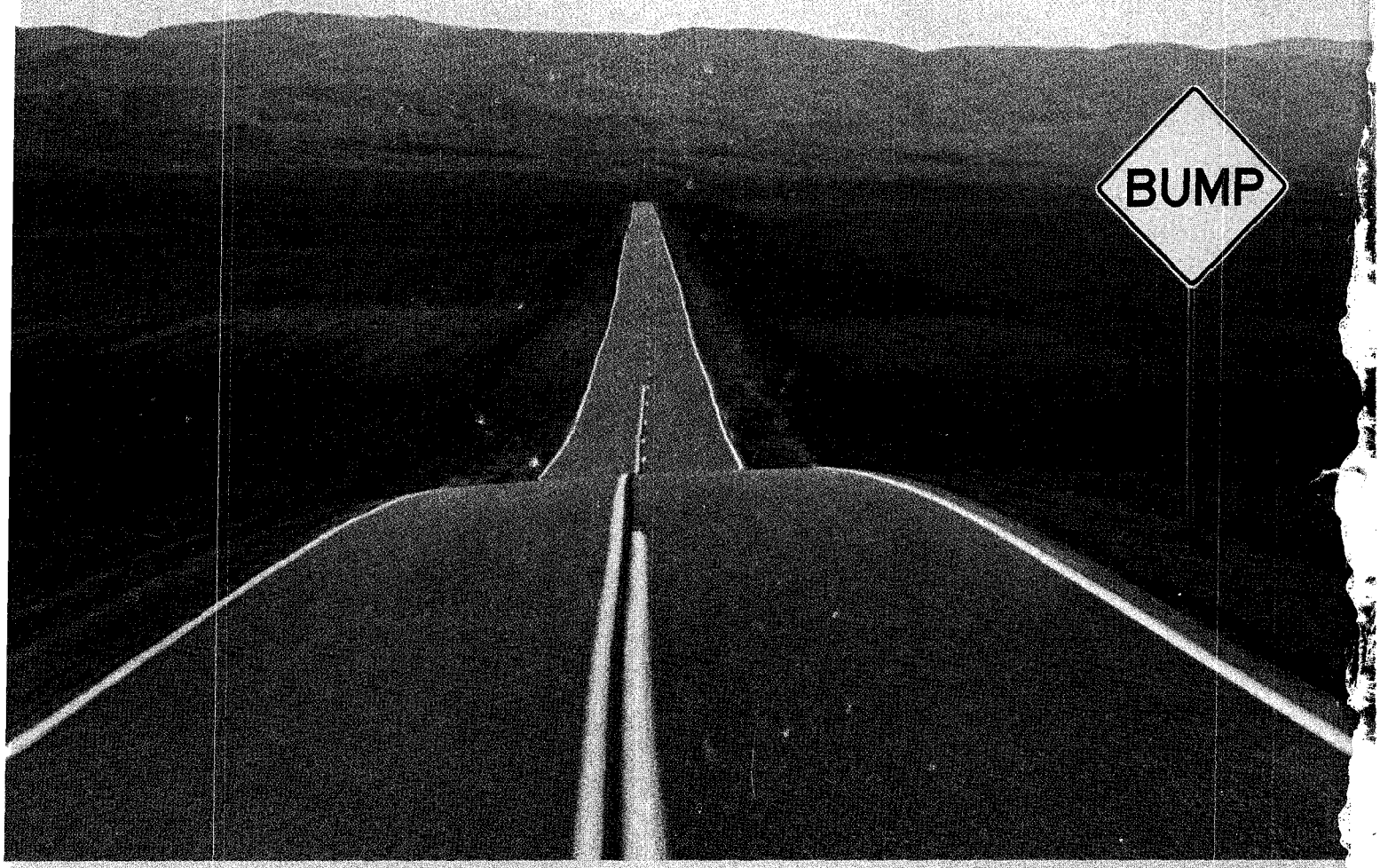
HOW WE SEE THE TAX REFORM PROBLEM.



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